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Horror of Dracula

STARRING
CHRISTOPHER
LEE
PETE CUSHING

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A CINEMATIC EDITORIAL WITHOUT ANY PICTURES

A darkened theater is an intense place when you're just a child. It is more than a building with paint peeling off its wall and garish four color posters glaring out into the mundane cross-sections of the real world. Those old movie buildings are gateways to worlds you've never seen... and perhaps will never see again.

One Saturday afternoon in the dim past of my childhood, Peter Cushing took me into the lower crypt beneath Castle Dracula and stood before the coffin of a dark-haired young lady who also happened to be a vampire. The theater had disappeared. The audience was lost in the darkness. There was only the misty scent of decay.

Peter Cushing stood firm and resolute and tilted the mallet in his hand. In the other hand, he held onto a stake, its dagger sharpened tip pointed toward the sleeping vampire's heart.

Silence.

Then the hammer descended and there was a brief flash of blood against the gossamer white nightgown and my hands were over my eyes telling myself that I dare not look though I had already seen the worst of it.

My cousin and I decided to sit through this film a second and third time, promising with the same fine resolution that Peter Cushing so stoically displayed, that this time we would not give in to our fear, that we would watch the entire sequence without ending up peering through fingers that were never completely closed.

We never made it, and by the time we left that dimly lit gateway, Saturday afternoon had passed; our ride home had long since vanished, and we were left to walk the dark toward our parent's rebukes for scaring hell out of them! It had been quite a day.

Years later, far removed from that minuscule state of Rhode Island (that's the place that Super Chicken once saved when it was kidnapped and held for ransom and is one of its most notable claims to fame), Merv Wolfman and I discussed doing a special issue of MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES. I was always impressed with the idea of doing a filmbook, a magazine that could recapture much of the essence of a film that was treasured by many, and it seemed that MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES might be just the place to try such a feature.

It was probably a half-mad idea since I already had five other titles to think about at the time, but insanity, some have claimed, is probably one of my biggest assets. Now that the idea had been put into verbal reality, we decided to pursue it. With the avid interest in Dracula these days, featuring Hammer Films first Dracula movie seemed to be an ideal selection.

We think it was.

Russ Jones, back on the East Coast after a sojourn in London, expressed an interest in the project and, after several visits to a Manhattan cafe called the Lion's Rock (which, oddly enough, offers an intimate view of a rock) I explained in detail the kind of book I wanted for the film. A magazine that would cover every aspect of THE HORROR OF DRACULA. You might not have a print of the

film to view whenever you desire, but you could have the next best thing standing in your bookcase.

"The kind of book, Russ, that once it's done, there's nothing left to do on the HORROR OF DRACULA because we've done it all," I told him, staring at my intimate view of the rock. When you're in Manhattan, the view of anything can be a manifestation of life.

"Why not?" Russ answered, mimicking Pete Smith. Don't ask me who Pete Smith is. I think it was one of his childhood idols.

Anyhow, when deadline pressures from many of the other books (including the BLACK PANTHER and KILL-RAVEN) sounded their toll, Russ took over the majority of the project, although we discussed layouts and formats throughout the initial planning stages of the book.

The result lie before you.

Would you like to see more filmbooks of this type? Did you enjoy the fictionalized adaptation of the movie? Do you wish this editorial would end?

Well, one of your wishes has just about come true, as for the others, we'll need your response to let us know what you want.

Opening for a sentimental closing, mention should be made of the efforts that John David Warner and Jim Machas contributed to the final products. Well that's it, folks, there's your mention list: remember, fame endures but a fleeting moment... or something like that.

The many photos and inside information that have been compiled into this magnum opus of THE HORROR OF DRACULA, would not have been possible without the aid of Michael Carreras and Brian Lawrence, who offered us their valuable time and assistance all the way from England where they are Managing Directors at Hammer Film Productions Ltd.

It doesn't have to be a Saturday afternoon, and you don't have to be only seven or eight years old to transport yourself to that Transylvanian village. You've got the magazine and the only other token you need: your imagination.

Thanks for your time, People.

Hang in there.

—Don McGregor
Editor on the Run



MONSTERS

OF THE MOVIES

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Editor-in-Chief

DON McCREGOR & RUSS JONES
Editors

JOHN WARNER
Associate Editor

RUSS JONES & BARBARA ALTMAN
Design

LEN GROW
Production

TOM MONTEMARANO
Circulation Director

ROY THOMAS
Editor Emeritus

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Let us think we forgot, your praise and pans of issue #5!

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And, last but not least, we close the coffin lid on our special HORROR OF DRACULA issue— a tribute to the many people who make up Hammer Film Productions Ltd!



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THE HOUSE THAT HORROR BUILT

by Dennis Dunn



HORROR OF DRACULA

CREDITS

| | |
|--------------------|--------------------------|
| Peter Cushing | Doctor Van Helsing |
| Christopher Lee | Dracula |
| Michael Gough | Arthur Holmwood |
| Melina Skrimling | Mina Holmwood |
| Carol Marsh | Lucy Holmwood |
| John VanEynen | Jonathan Harker |
| Valerie Giant | Vampyre women |
| Olga Dickie | Gilda |
| Janna Faye | Tanya |
| Charles Lloyd Pack | Doctor Seward |
| Miles Mallison | Marx |
| George Woodbridge | Landlord |

With

Barbara Archer, William Sherwood, Joseph Mazzano, Gay Mills, George Merritt, John Mouman, Paul Cole, George Benson, Judith Nelson, Stedwell Fookhar, Humphrey Kent, Dick Morgan

PRODUCTION CREDITS

| | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| Executive Producer | Michael Carreras |
| Producer | Anthony Hinds |
| Director | Terence Fisher |
| Associate Producer | Anthony Nelson Keys |
| Assistant Director | Robert Lynn |
| Director of Photography | Jack Asher |
| Camera Operator | Jock May |
| Music | James Bernard |
| Music Supervisor | John Hollingsworth |
| Production Designer | Bernard Robinson |
| Makeup | Phil Leaky |
| Special Effects | Bill Leaky |

Produced at Bray Studios, Bucks, England

As one strolls comfortably down the Thames near Windsor, one can't help but be intrigued by a peculiar, three-story mansion nestled close to the river bank. But not even the calm beauty of the waters, reflected in the windows of this antiquated house, can hope to restore the obvious decadence back to the life it once enjoyed. Strange, that this old mansion should be the birthplace of numerous British horror film classics.

Bray Studios began production in 1948 when James Carreras and Will Hammer moved from theatre owners to movie-makers. In the years following, Hammer Films, as the company was

christened, boasts a streak of nearly 100 consecutive money-making movies. Indeed, in 1968, during the making of *DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE* at Pinewood Studios, Hammer Films were given The Queen's Award to industry for their spectacular success in bringing back from the U.S. millions of dollars in the export drive. And, as if this weren't enough, these films sloped together the most dynamic horror-actor duo since Karloff/Lugosi: Christopher Lee (*Count Dracula*, the *Frankenstein Monster*, *Mummy*) and Peter Cushing (*Sherlock Holmes*), the focus per-

sonalities in the cult of Hammer, have revitalized the Horror Film with a seriousness and respect it hadn't seen since the early Forties.

These splendid Lee/Cushing efforts were just one aspect of the highly professional Hammer process: one that involved a team approach headed by producer Anthony Hinds. The son of Will Hammer, Hinds concentrated his creative talents on developing their ability to terrify audiences. With expert counsel from Brian Lawrence, Hinds' planning and improvisation resulted in more economical production than the horror films that came from Hollywood



alone, 3,000 victims were claimed by THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN. The following year Lee and Cushing cosplayed in DRACULA, released in the U.S. as HORROR OF DRACULA. Long past its prime, that old mansion on the Thames had spawned a child. A new era of horror was upon us.

Other Hammer accomplishments included the acquisition of two of Dennis Wheatley's best-selling novels, THE DEVIL RIDES OUT and UNCHARTERED SEAS, as film properties. The former was released in the U.S. as THE DEVIL'S THIRTEEN. The latter, produced and directed by Michael Carreras, was renamed THE LOST CONTINENT. Robert Mattay, of Disney fame, was in Britain supervising the construction and operation of the giant decors of the sea which are featured with such startling effect.

Critics fussed praise for thrillers like NEVER TAKE SWEETS FROM A STRANGER and PARANOID. Lee and Cushing starred in the Arthur Conan Doyle Sherlock Holmes adventure, HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.

In 1964, the wondrous Ursula Andress, almost forgotten since her role in the first 007 thriller, DR. NO, helped ensure the enormous success of Roger Hargreys' SHE. The following year, Raquel Welch became a world star by fleeing various prehistoric beasts in ONE MILLION YEARS B.C. The special visual effects, beside those of Mr. Welch, were from the genius of Ray Harryhausen, by far the best in the business.

Hammer also employed a few of the old masters to lengthen their list of triumphs. Boris Davis played her usual macabre self as THE NANNY and later, THE ANNIVERSARY, both with producer Jimmy Sangster. Tallulah Bankhead played in FANATIC (DIE, MY DARLING in the U.S.), and Joan Fontaine in THE DEVIL'S OWN. Old pro Herbert Lom starred as the scarred PHANTOM OF THE OPERA and the young and upcoming Oliver Reed found himself possessed by THE CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF.

With the sensibility of expatriates, Hammer Films, moved to Elstree Studios in 1969. Now, at Borehamwood, Hammer enjoys all the advantages of a

thoroughly modern facility as evidenced by their recent hits FRANKENSTEIN AND THE MONSTER FROM HELL with Peter Cushing, and the sword-wielding CAPTAIN KRONOS, VAMPIRE HUNTER.

In the fall of 1971, the prestigious British Film Institute showed a month-long retrospective "Tribute to Hammer Films" at London's National Film Theatre. The festival included the portrayal of a Cornish voodoo cult in THE PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES, seen as a symbolic protest against oppressive modern manorism. Sir James feels flattered, but is also a trifle uneasy about this changing critical climate.

"I hope the public realizes that we are not going to change in the same way," he warns. "We're in the business to make money, not to win Oscars." Whatever the motives, the public can be assured of the continued high quality Hammer product.

Perhaps one day you will find yourself sailing easily down the Thames. Near Windsor the old mansion still stands, testimony to the living legend of Hammer. The House that Horror Built.

PH



Director Terence Fisher, special effects man Bill Lenny (standing) and Janina Faye in a publicity shot made on the set of HORROR OF DRACULA.

in the Thurnes. In fact, the Hammer team was soon producing films more efficiently, under serious handicaps, than any other company in the business. Around him, Hinds gathered a team of producers, writers, and directors who have given Hammer the special qualities that are known throughout the world today.

Producers Michael Carreras, (manager director since his father's retirement), Anthony Nelson Keys, and Jimmy Sangster have been over present. So, too, have directors like Joseph Losey, Ken Hughes, and Terence Fisher, the latter responsible for nearly all the "Dracula" and "Frankenstein" films. Much credit also belongs to two recently deceased members of the Hammer team, Arthur Grant and Bernard Robinson. Grant was known for his extraordinary skills behind the camera and Robinson, as production designer, for the creation of the marvelously atmospheric sets on most Hammer releases.

The story of the force of personality behind Hammer would be incomplete without mentioning James Carreras, the dynamic chairman whose job it has always been to sell the Hammer product. Consequently, a scar strangulation film budget of \$300,000, with a shooting schedule of only twenty-five days, would have a promotion figure of no less than \$50,000. Some critics claim that the advertising is more carefully prepared than the scripts.

"There are more movies in our posters than in our pictures," Carreras readily admits. But he also insists that Hammer promotes "pure entertainment" and not "sado-sexuality" or "occultism". Carreras himself respects the rules: each week to make sure there is no explicit sex or violence. What most critics do not realize is that the horror film, by its very nature, must touch upon the primal fears we all harbor in the depths of our unconscious. Perhaps the most terrifying of which is our individual erotic

longings.

Unlike his chief competitor, American International Pictures, Hammer refuses to pander to the drive-in crowd. Out of respect for the Karloff-Chancey-Laguna classics, Carreras would not permit superficial camped up versions of the Gothic genre. James Carreras, better known as "the High Priest of Horror", was knighted in 1970.

Starting in 1948, Hammer releases included CLOUDBURST, MANTRAP, and THE SAINT'S RETURN. Their first horror subject, THE QUARTERMASSEXPERIMENT, came in 1954, and two years later, Hammer introduced the Lee/Cushing terror team in their most successful horror film of all, THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN. It was on this occasion that Carreras exhibited one of his first promotion gimmicks. Ambulances were stationed outside theaters where the feature was playing, supposedly to cart off fainting fans. In the United States

THE VAMPIRE from STAGE to SCREEN

by
Dennis Dunn



BRAM STOKER

Bela Lugosi and Helene Chandler in Tod Browning's 1931 DRACULA

In the early theatre, the harshness of critic's reviews was surpassed only by the amount of box-office receipts paid by a public enthralled by the vampire. As far back as 1820, when Byron's physician, Polidori, created the character of Lord Ruthven, the first stage vampire was an immediate sellout.

In 1823 the revival of Lord Ruthven was also a tremendous success, and, in 1831, when Damas and Maquet wrote *LE VAMPIRE*, the dam burst over Paris. Unfortunately this flood of vampire plays carried much quantity and little quality. French writers set the locale in Scotland where the vampire myth never existed and dressed the terrible Lord Ruthven, of the undead, in plaid kilts! And this was just the beginning as the "living dead" became the victims of a

German Opera in 1828; a ballet in Milan in 1861 and, finally, in 1872 at the Royal Strand Theatre in London - a Baroque.

This superficial and comic treatment of the vampire was brought to an abrupt halt in June of 1924 by none other than the Prince of Darkness himself—Count Dracula! *DRACULA* or *THE UN-DEAD* was caused from the sensational, so the terrible by an ex-bank clerk named Hamilton Deane. By 1924 Deane was a noted professional actor having performed in Shakespeare and old English Comedy. After touring America, appearing mostly on Broadway, he returned to Britain in 1918. In his luggage was a single book, a copy of *DRACULA* by fellow-Irishman Bram Stoker. Since Stoker's death in 1912, Deane had approached over a dozen

authors and playwrights hoping someone would be intrigued enough to adapt the horror tale for the stage. Strange that, in 1923, the dignified actor-manager himself was to be persuaded by Dora Mary Patrick to write the adaptation. Mrs Patrick was Deane's leading lady who, later, became his wife.

Actually, the first stage performance of *DRACULA* had taken place in May of 1897 at the Royal Lyceum Theatre in London. Stoker presented it to establish copyright and protect his drama from literary piracy and the "play" was merely a crudely adapted reading of the novel. Posters were put up only a half hour before the performance and the audience consisted of the Lyceum staff and clean-up people plus a few of the regular patrons. The first, of countless actors to play Dracula was listed in the program



simply as "Mr. Jones". After the play Stoker asked Henry Irving, manager of the Lyceum and his personal friend, his opinion.

"Deadly!" said Irving.

Twenty-seven years later, in Derby, the reception to Deane's DRACULA was somewhat different. Before noon of the following morning there were two offers from America to purchase the play and DRACULA was "undead" and well on the stage.

In perfect consistency with the past treatment of the vampire, what the public worshipped the critics condemned. After moving to the Little Theatre in London's famous West End, one particularly caustic writer had the audacity to attack Count Dracula himself, now played by Raymond Huntley, criticizing the actor's "ill fitting mask". Huntley informed the critic, "As the 'mask' happens to be my own face, it is really the best I can do with it."

No sooner had DRACULA's record breaking engagement at the Little Theatre begun when a new phenomenon was created—fainting. Quite a number of people departed, each night, from consciousness at sight of, or even suggestion of the evil Count. Deane promptly hired a nurse who efficiently handled an average of seven faintings an evening. On one night in particular, twenty-nine such individuals succumbed to the horror of Dracula!



HENRY IRVING

American publisher and producer Horace Liveright secured the American rights to the play and Deane collaborated with John L. Balderston on a revised version. They opened at the Fulton in New York while the performances in London were still packing them in. Bernard Jukes told the London cast to repeat his success as the madman Renfield. His master was a comparatively unknown Hungarian actor named Bela Lugosi.

That time the critics listened to the crowds and for the next forty-one weeks DRACULA terrorized the Broadway

stage. Deane, who had made a bet the play would earn a million dollars in twelve months, collected his winnings after one. In the next three seasons playing throughout the United States and Canada, DRACULA had sucked two and one-half million dollars from the money-purses of its fawning audiences. The "New York Sunday Times" claimed "DRACULA, which somebody will have to club to death if it's ever to stop, is still profitably a-tour. It will presently play Brooklyn for the fourth or fifth time."

By 1930 the impact that Deane's

DRACULA had in London and New York started the mighty Universal Pictures Corporation into action. Film-maker Tod Browning, known as a creator of weird screen characters, most brought to life by Lon Chaney Sr., was for some time trying to talk Chaney into doing the lead role in DRACULA. The "man of a thousand faces" had starred the novel several times and was very interested, but died that same year.

Browning signed Edward Van Hellen as Van Helsing (which he had played on the



Max Schreck, Bela Lugosi, Hugh Wallace—the three faces of Count Dracula.

stage no less than 90 times) and Helen Chandler as Mina. David Manners agreed to play Jonathan Harker, Dwight Dyer took the role of the lunatic Renfield. Consistently making brilliant shows, Browning next hired the innovative Karl Freund (METROPOLIS) to perform the necessary camera work and special effects. Then, after considering such underdogs as Conrad Veidt (Cabaret of Dr. Caligari) and Paul Muni, he decided to take a chance on the little-known Hungarian who had introduced the infamous Count to America—Bela Lugosi.

The film, released in 1931, was an instant box-office smash throughout the world. The reason was as obvious as his thick accent. Harry Ludlum, biographer of Bram Stoker, wrote "Lugosi's cold, apocalyptic voice; his deep-set, slightly almond-shaped eyes that stabbed out from the screen; his aquiline nose and high cheek bones; his commanding height, over six feet, made him at once synonymous with Stoker's fantastic creation. Immediately he was typed as the horror king."

One night of March 1939 found Harrison Dacre at the Winter Garden Theatre in London. This evening was his very first appearance in the title role of Dracula, the one he had written for himself fifteen years earlier. Ironically that Dacre, over the years, in the part of Van

Helsing, was responsible for the "genesis" of over a dozen different Draculas. Now, the forces that rule had chosen to bring back Dracula and Dacre to the Lyceum where it all began long ago. Furthermore there was a big surprise, when a delighted audience witnessed the meeting of the two men who, on screen and stage respectively, had unleashed Stoker's horror of the world—Bela Lugosi and Harrison Dacre. Harry Ludlum describes: "Warned of Lugosi's visit, Dacre arranged that Bela should walk on to the stage after the show for a first meeting of the two Draculas. But as Dacre stood there, arm extended for a handshake, Lugosi rushed across, grasped him lovingly and kissed him hugely on each cheek. The audience roared."

As most are aware, Lugosi's succeeding years were ones of tragedy; an involuntary drug addiction, break up of a twenty-year marriage, and loss of the fortune he had made as Count Dracula. However, right to the end Lugosi talked excitedly about doing a remake of DRACULA with new camera techniques and, of course, in color. When he died he was laid to rest in his coffin dressed in the black cape that had become his life.

A decade prior to this production, in 1921, Henrik Galeen and F.W. Murnau combined talents in NOSFERATU starring Max Schreck as Count Orlok,

the first screen vampire. This was also the first film based on Stoker's novel, but name and other story changes were made (in particular the locale and the conclusion) to get around the copyright. Despite these alterations, Florence Stoker, Bram's widow, won the court case for infringement of copyright in 1925. The Prana Film Company, responsible for NOSFERATU went bankrupt and a court order to destroy the negative and prints was issued. True to the immortality evidenced by the stage successes of the vampire, NOSFERATU survived and lived on to be viewed in London in 1928 and the United States in 1929 and is still seen to this day.

Dacre played Dracula till 1941. His final bow ended a working association with the play, as playwright, producer and actor, which had lasted for eighteen years. Bela Lugosi died in 1956. When Dacre passed on in 1958 there remained in his wardrobe a single sinister black cloak—the solitary reminder of a fabulous career.

It is not only bizarre but also somewhat surprising that the same year Dacre, who made possible the stage and screen adaptations of DRACULA, died, another film, made by a small English company named Hammer played in New York. Now, with Christopher Lee in the title role, the "horror of Dracula" would again live on!

DRACULA

BY
CHRISTOPHER
LEE

THE King of the Vampires, as he is known to millions of people throughout the world, took shape in the brain of giant, red-bearded, amiable Abraham Stoker, in the early part of the twentieth century.

Bram Stoker, as he is better known, was an Irish scholar and Civil Servant whose major work up to that time was a book entitled *The Duties of Clerks to the Petty Sessions in Ireland*. He was, however, greatly attracted to the weird and the macabre, and after one or two books in this vein, he gave the world his immortal classic... *Dracula*!

Born at Clontarf, Dublin, he had for some years worked in the Irish civil service and judiciary, both as a scholar and a barrister. Later, he started upon an association which lasted him the remainder of his life, as business manager and producer for the eminent British actor Sir Henry Irving. It can therefore be seen quite clearly, that despite an apparently humdrum background, Bram Stoker nourished within him the seeds of the strange and the unusual. He was a voracious reader of the works of Edgar Allan Poe, and was a close friend of the Irish mystic and writer Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu.

It is an authenticated fact that many of the world's great stories of the macabre have originated in the minds of their authors as dreams: one notable example of this is Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*. Bram Stoker was no exception to this rule. Having dreamed of his vampire nobleman, the next step was to give him a name and appropriate background.

After months of research he finally settled on the Vowode Drakula, an outstanding member of a Transylvanian family, who lived at the beginning of the sixteenth century and fought many battles against the invading Turks. He was apparently a born leader, a man of great distinction and vision, but also of implacable ferocity. He was named by the Turks "The Impaler," and is mentioned in contemporary Turkish manuscripts as the "Wampyr." He was also popularly supposed to have made a pact with Satan for unlimited power: it is probable that the name Drakula gave rise to the Moldavian Drakul, or Demon.

The perfect setting for the story chose itself. Castle Dracula was placed in the Carpathian mountains, between Moldavia and Transylvania, a part of the world which to this very day is riddled with superstitious lore and the fear of the werewolf and the vampire. The lands of



Hungary, Rumania, Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria form the perfect background for the occult and the mysterious, and it is a singular coincidence that the great Bela Lugosi, immortal interpreter of Count Dracula, was born in Lugos, Hungary.

Thus, then, is the setting for the world's greatest classic of the macabre, a tale which has terrified millions over the years, myself included. It may be of interest to those of you who read this that I have received many letters telling me that Castle Dracula still exists. It could well be the truth, although I have yet to receive positive proof. I have also been contacted in a personal letter from France by one who claims to be the lineal descendant of Count Dracula.

Whether or not there is a living Dracula in our midst, it is an accepted historical and medical fact that vampirism has existed throughout the centuries. There is abundant evidence in all corners of the world of the power of blood, savage tribes still practice blood cults, and the drinking of blood is believed to endow the recipient with great power and virility. Psychiatrists tell us of the strong sexual impulses involved, and there have been countless documented cases of rites and crimes carried out as symbols of fertility. Even a blood transfusion is the giving of life and strength from one to another. It is no wonder, therefore, that superstition endows the vampire with the power to live



André Morell and Christopher Lee from the 1959 production of HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

forever. Even though dead, he is still very much alive.

As everyone who has read the great work knows, the first impression is unforgettable. I was no exception. I read *Dracula* first as a fourteen-year-old schoolboy, before the second world war, and I remember vividly the fears it inspired in me. The effect on an adolescent mind was startling, but certainly the thought never occurred to me that one day, twenty-one years later, I was to be chosen to bring the character to life.

In 1958, James Carreras of Hammer Productions decided that the time was ripe to present anew to world audiences a series of revivals of the great classics of the grotesque and the fantastic. The first of these films, which were to start a new and stupendously successful phase in the annals of the modern cinema, was "The Curse of Frankenstein," in which I portrayed Mary Shelley's Creature. As a result of this, I was also asked to play Count Dracula.

Although I had seen the films of James Whale's "Frankenstein" with Bela Karloff giving his unforgettable impression of the sad but dignified Monster, I had never seen Bela Lugosi's "Dracula"—and have not done so to this day. This inevitably meant that my interpretation was a completely fresh one. It was with some understandable doubts

that I entered upon this role. Lugosi had made the part his own over a period of many years; his performance was a classic, his name was indelibly associated with the name of Dracula. I was determined that I would copy nothing that had been done previously by anybody else, that I would try my very best to present the character of Dracula as I saw him. The result is well-known. The Hammer production, "The Hound of Dracula" swept the world. The talents of production designer Bernard Robinson, cameraman Jack Asher, and director Terence Fisher, combined with a well-chosen cast, which performed with absolute conviction and total sincerity, resulted in one of the most successful British films ever made.

The effect of "Dracula" on audiences, both in the cinema and in the theatre, has been unparalleled. I was convinced that it was essential for the public to believe implicitly in what they saw before their eyes. In effect, we were attempting to create the realistic and believable out of the incredible and the incredible. In any such attempt to suspend disbelief, the slightest lapse of sincerity or conviction is bound to show. The audiences of today are very acute—and the dividing line between the acceptable and the absurd is of a hair's breadth.

I decided that Count Dracula must be represented as essentially a human being. Master of ferocity though he is, tamed by his desires, he is still very real. He is a nobleman, a leader, a presence of impenetrable dignity and stillness, except when exploding into ravering action. It is this essential reality which must always be maintained. It is vital that the audiences should believe that everything that they are seeing could very well happen at the time. Also, one should not forget that Dracula was a person of immense physical appeal, as witness the undoubted effect he had upon the desires of women.

I have always tried to include in my performances what I term "the loneliness of evil." Despite his actions, there is to me a sadness about Dracula, a brooding, withdrawn unhappiness. He is in the world, but he is not of this world. He is a demon, but he is, above all, a man.

There have been many distinguished actors who have played this role. The list is impressive. Starting with the somewhat prosaically named Mr. Jones of the Lyceum Theatre, we can continue with Raymond Huntley, Hamilton Deane, Bela Lugosi, Los Chassey, Jr., and John Carradine. I am proud to be of that number.

—Christopher Lee





Horror of Dracula

FROM THE SCREENPLAY
BY
JIMMY SANGSTER

ADAPTED BY
RUSS JONES

It was the reluctance of the coach driver that put Jonathan Harker in such a situation. He made his way through the thick forest on foot, carrying the heavy suitcase and shuffling it from hand to hand so as not to injure himself on the long walk. From time to time Harker would look up at the black, late afternoon sky, a sky heavy with menace, angry clouds shouldering their way across one another, completely shrouding the sun.

Harker stopped for a moment, dropped the suitcase to earth and took a deep breath. A shiver ran through the young man's body. Never in his life had he seen a landscape like the one before him. The country road was lined with trees, almost forming a tunnel through the forest.

The weary traveler continued. It was not long before he came to a crossroad. There it stood, like a place that time forgot, Castle Dracula.

The house was a large, vast, rambling affair. It was covered with castellated walls and turrets that stuck out toward the sky from the most extraordinary places. In his mind Harker pondered who could have designed such a place, as the whole structure looked as though it had been thrown together rather carelessly with no concessions to planning or convenience. It also had an incredibly bleak aspect, as though it had been deserted for many years.

With a shrug, Harker picked up his suitcase, took a deep breath and walked toward the castle's portico, dwarfed by the surroundings.

The portico was as forboding as it was massive. The doors themselves were heavy and scarred with weather and age. The door furniture was solid black metal, and the whole was set back in a deep porch that was reached by a flight of stone steps from the drive.

Harker's heart pounded in his ears. It was worse than he had expected. Much worse.

At the front door the traveler halted. Placing his suitcase on the ground, he waited for a long moment, then reached out for the giant knocker. The noise was monumental, but more than that, under the knocker's great pressure, one half of the door creaked open slowly.

After a moment, he pushed it open even wider, exposing a stygian darkness within. The opening door cut a swath of weak daylight into the hall, and Harker, summoning up his courage, stepped inside, silhouetted against the bleak outside light.

Harker looked around, attempting to pierce the darkness. Beyond the patch of daylight there was nothing. Just empty blackness. Harkness, now acclimated to the dark, realized that he was standing in an empty hall. In one corner stood a door, from which came a flicker of light, barely visible through a tiny slit.

The place was like a tomb, silent. Harker could hear his footfalls as he crossed the room. They seemed to echo





Jonathan Harker in the House of Dracula

against the high ceiling.

Tentatively, Harker opened the door. A bright fire crackled in the large fireplace. In the center of the room was a great table, laid at one end for a meal, with covered dishes, wine and bread. Harker clutched at the handle of his suitcase and walked across the great room to the table. He put the suitcase down and placed a small bag on the table. Then, he began to look around him.

On the table, propped against an ornate gold candleabra, rested an envelope. Harker picked it up, glanced at the front, then ripped it open.

He removed a letter and, squinting in the darkness, tried to read it. Resting close to the candleabra sat a small tinder box. Harker struck a match and lit two candles on the table.

The letter was penned in an ornate and beautifully legible hand. It read:

My Dear Harker,

I am sorry I was unable to greet you. Eat well, and make yourself comfortable.

Dracula

Harker smiled softly as he read the

note. He glanced over the food laid out on the table, going then to the fireplace to throw on a large log. The flames licked the dry wood causing it to crackle. The fire burned merrily like a

Upon finishing the hearty meal, Harker pulled his bag toward him and opened it. He removed a red, leather bound book. It read in gold relief on the cover, *The Diary of Jonathan Harker*. The bag also contained a traveling ink and quill set.

He opened the diary, and pushed several dishes aside to make room for the ink stand. But in doing so, the dishes moved against another small stack pushing them from the table. The noise in the silence was enormous, and, for a moment, Harker jumped as though he had been shot. Then, seeing what happened, he grinned slightly at his own nervous state, got up from the chair and moved around to the side of the table where the dishes had fallen.

Harker went to his knees and started to collect them together again. He reached under the table for the list of the dishes, and pulled it toward him. Then, quite suddenly, he froze, motionless. He looked up.

It was a woman, perhaps more beautiful than he had ever seen. She stood, watching over him. Harker, after his initial surprise, got to his feet. He became aware as she came closer to the light, that what she was wearing left very little to the imagination. It was a semi-Grecian style gown, cut low in the bodice and gathered at one side of the skirt.

Harker smiled reservedly and said, "I . . . I'm sorry. I didn't hear you come in."

He realized he was still carrying a stack of dishes. He put them back down on the table and turned back to the woman, who just continued to look steadily in his direction.

Harker cleared his throat. "I'm Jonathan Harker . . ."

He suspended his sentence, waiting for a reaction, but instead of saying anything, the woman turned lightly and moved across to the edge of the table. She ran her hand lightly across the surface, looking down for a moment, then she looked back at Harker.

"You will help me?"

"I'm sorry I . . ."

"Say that you'll help me . . . please."

"Help you from what? Count

Dracula?"

Harker stood rooted to the floor, suitably shocked at this exchange. She came closer to him.

"Help me to escape . . . he's keeping me a prisoner."

"I'd like to help you . . . but I'm a guest in this house . . ."

The woman didn't answer. She took another step closer to Harker. Suddenly she halted. She hesitated for a moment as if listening, then, before Harker could do or say anything she moved quickly across the room and out of one of the doors in the fireplace wall.

Harker watched after her, a trifle bemused. Then, abruptly, he was wrenched from his thoughts, his curiosity and concern for the woman, by a voice.

"Harker . . ."

It was a voice unlike any he had encountered. Clear, yet soft, inclining not the least towards a shout, yet ferociously demanding attention. It was stern without harshness and there was a regal formality in the way Jonathan's name had been announced. He swung around.

At the top of the staircase stood Dracula, shrouded in shadow. The tall figure then descended the stairs and made his way toward Harker.

"Come Dracula?"

"I am Dracula, and I welcome you to my house. My apologies that I was not here to greet you personally. I trust that you found everything you requested?"

"Thank you. It was most thoughtful of you to leave a meal for me."

"I knew that you would be hungry after such a long journey. And tired too. I've no doubt, I will show you to your rooms."

During this brief exchange Harker studied Dracula. He was well over six feet tall, wearing complete and unrefined black, a costume cut in the severest lines. Over his suit he wore a long black cloak with a high, pointed collar. His face was thin and saturnine, with deep-set eyes, high cheekbones, aquiline nose, and high forehead topped by iron grey hair.

Dracula continued speaking as he started toward the staircase. "It is most unfortunate that I have to go again immediately. Your impressions of me as a host must be abnormal, but what I must do is unavoidable."

Harker had begun to gather his cloak and bags but, just as he prepared to lift the heavy suitcase, his host intervened. Dracula picked up the heavy bag as though it weighed less than nothing. He whispered, softly, "Please, allow me . . ."

As Harker followed Dracula up the long flight of stairs, he observed what were perhaps treasures for which antique and art dealers would pay a fortune. They approached yet another flight of stairs, but this time more narrow. Again Dracula spoke, "There are a great number of volumes to be indeed. Tomorrow I shall show you the library where you are to work."



Dracula welcomes his guest!



"I will do the best I can, sir."

"I am sure you will," Dracula replied, "and I deem myself lucky that I have obtained the services of so noteworthy a scholar to work as my librarian."

At the head of the stairs Dracula stopped, opened a door, and gestured Harker inside.

"As I told you in my letter," Harker injected, "it will be a pleasure for me to be able to stay here where it is quiet and restful. The work that I shall do on your behalf in small payment for the seclusion that your house offers."

"Then we are both satisfied . . . an admirable arrangement."

When Harker came to the passage at the head of the stairs, Dracula was already there holding the door open, waiting for the young traveler to precede him.

It was another large room. A fire was burning in the grate. Against one wall sat a generous, four poster bed, which was turned down, ready for occupation. A table stood in the center of the room, and two winged chairs at either side of the fireplace. There was a window in one wall, covered partially by a heavy curtain.

Dracula placed Harker's suitcase on a small table by the side of the bed, and stood watching as his guest put his little black bag on the table in the center of the room.

Harker had just replaced his diary and the ink stand. The bag had not been shut, but stood gaping open on the table.

Dracula moved over to Harker's side. "I hope that you will be comfortable here, and now I must leave you. One more thing before I go. The crowd that calls me out is such that I will not be



waiting until after sunset tomorrow."

As Dracula spoke his eyes moved down to the bag on the table, then into Harker's.

"Your permission?"

Dracula, without waiting for a reply, reached into the bag and removed the diary and a framed picture. He held the diary for a moment, then focused his attention to the photo.

"This is charming, quite charming . . ."

It was the picture of a lovely young woman.

"You are fortunate indeed," continued Dracula, "your wife perhaps?"

"My fiancée, Lucy Holmwood."

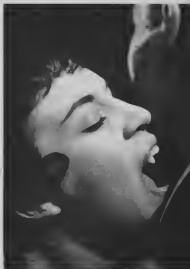
"Lucy? What a delightful name . . ."

Dracula placed the picture on the table, pushing the diary aside to do so.

" . . . well, I must leave you now, my friend. Once again accept my sincere apologies for the sad way I have been forced to neglect my duties as host." Dracula moved toward the door, then he turned and faced Harker.

"Goodnight to you . . . and I trust that you will sleep well."

The door closed, Dracula was gone.



A strange encounter in the night. The young woman begs Harker's aid—but she seems to have designs on helping herself.



Harker stood, hesitantly, looking after him. Then, there was the unmistakable sound of a key turning in the door outside. Jonathan moved quickly across the room to the door and tried it. It was locked.

Harker turned away from the door and looked around the room. There was no other door. After a moment he moved across to the curtains, lifted one of them aside, and peered out into the night. Finally Harker walked over to the table, drawing up a chair, and sat down.

He opened his diary to a fresh page, dipped his pen into the ink, and after a second's thought, began writing.

"At last I have met Count Dracula. He accepts me as a man who has agreed to work among his books, as I intended. It only remains for me now to await the daylight hours, when, with God's help, I will forever end this man's reign of terror."

Even as Harker was writing those words in his diary, Dracula had started up the drive. The wind caught his cape and billowed it up behind him. He walked quickly, and this, combined with the billowing cape, created the impression of a ghost but flying along almost at ground level.

He moved on along the drive toward the Main Gates, where he vanished into the night.

II

The once-blazing fire was now nothing more than embers, glowing eggs nested in ash. Jonathan Harker, his tired countenance highlighted by the subtle blaze, had slipped into an uneasy sleep. Suddenly, the handle on his bedroom door began to slowly turn. Then it stopped, returned to normal, and the unmistakable click of the lock cut through the warm stillness.

With a start, Harker awakened and moved silently across the room to the door. Quietly and carefully he began to turn the handle and, with a sudden reflex, pulled the door full open. Nothing! He



The price of defiance—the unholy wrath of Count Dracula!

advanced into the passage and peered down the stairs. At a distance, a door creaked softly, and Harker moved in its direction. After hesitating for a moment, he threw back the door and looked into the room beyond.

He was immediately struck by the vast emptiness. But as he stepped more fully into the room, his gaze was forcibly drawn to a large stained glass window, the kind he had seen only in the great churches of the cities. Harker could not decide whether it was the lack of any discernible motive in the design or the eerie aura-like effect caused by the beams of the full moon streaming through the colored panes, that gave him such an uneasy feeling.

A slight sound from behind brought him quickly around. There, standing behind the door, was the woman he had met earlier, her low-cut gown revealing creamy white skin caressed by the soft glow of the moon.

Before he could speak a single word, she held her fingers to deep red lips indicating silence. Harker obeyed and watched while she looked out into the passage way, carefully closed the door, turned, and faced him.

"You will help me won't you?"
 "Why is the Count keeping you prisoner?"

"I can't tell you."
 "Then I can't help you."
 With that she reached out and touched his arm as if she thought it unwell.

"... you're strong."

Harker persisted, "I must know why he is keeping you prisoner."

"What difference can it make. Is it not enough that he keeps me locked up..."

The woman, now more calm, walked around Harker and stood next to the huge globe in the center of the room.
 "You can not imagine what he is like or the terrible things he does. You will help me... you must."

The woman held tight on the lapels of Harker's coat, looking into his eyes for a long moment. At last Jonathan spoke.
 "Very well. I will help you. Do not distress yourself."

With this, she stopped crying and cradled her head gratefully, secure in the thought of masculine assistance. Her eyes moved sideways until she was looking up at Harker's throat.

It started with a twitch of her upper lip, an uncontrollable impulse. Then the upper lip started to curl back like that of snarling animal, exposing two, long, sharp canine teeth.

Then she shifted her head sideways a fraction, as though to bury her face deeper into his chest. She reached up slightly and placed the two canine teeth into the bare flesh of his neck.

She suddenly plucked her teeth deep into him.

Harker reacted as though he had been shot. He grabbed his throat and



The terror of grim wrath passes, but not the curse of Dracula.

sluggered back. He pushed the woman away from him violently. Then a noise from the far side of the room broke both their attentions.

In the doorway stood Dracula.

He was livid with rage. His whole face appeared puffly, especially around the jaws. From either side of the mouth there ran a trackle of blood. His clothing, although black, revealed great damp smears, where blood had spilled and streaked across his person. His eyes blazed with an inner fire of hate.

In less than a second, Dracula had run across the table, and with a terrible sweep of his arm, sent the woman spinning across the room with a stream of pain as she landed on the floor.

She returned to her feet immediately, and started toward the two men. But it was not Dracula she headed for, it was Harker.

Jonathan put his hands up to fend off the Virago, but before she could reach him Dracula intervened again.

In fury, Dracula grabbed her by the shoulder and spun her around. She pulled away from his grip, and again, turned on Harker. She was a wild thing, her lips drawn back, her hair bedraggled and falling across the front of her livid face.

Dracula reached out again and grabbed her by the hair. Then, as before, yanked hard and sent her reeling across the room. But this time she made no attempt to get to her feet. She rested on the floor, breathing heavily and looking toward Dracula through a tangle of hair.



Dracula started toward her, his face now distorted in hate. Harker, still dazed, moved up behind Dracula and grabbed his arm.

But Dracula pushed the hand away, almost unaware that it was placed there, and continued toward the woman. But Jonathan moved up behind Dracula again, this time gripping him with both arms around the waist. Dracula straightened up, and swept his arms wide and broke Harker's hold, rocking him back several feet.

Before Harker could move, Dracula reached out with one hand and grabbed him by the throat, his long fingers sinking into the soft flesh.

Jonathan's eyes began to bulge under the vice-like grip. He raised his two hands and tried to break Dracula's hold.

It was useless. The grip was like iron. Dracula looked along his arms at Harker. The vampire's face showed an expression that was like that of a wild animal. His lip was drawn back exposing the two long canine teeth, the blood still stained his chin. Harker began to lose consciousness.

Suddenly Dracula shot out his arm to its full extent, and let go of Harker's throat. Jonathan went hurtling across the room and fetched up hard against the far wall, where he sank to the floor.

A moment later Harker rolled over and attempted to struggle to his elbows. He heard a sharp scream from the woman, but he could not see what had happened.

Whatever it was that Dracula had done to make the woman scream, had also caused her to lose consciousness. He picked her up and carried her to the door. Just before he passed through, Dracula paused and looked across at Harker, unconscious on the floor.

III

It was daylight when Harker awoke in his room. He had been tossed atop the bed. The room was in a state of turmoil, as though someone had gone through all his belongings.

The curtains were well drawn, and the fire in the grate had long since gone out. His diary was still open to the page he had been working on the previous night.

Harker sat a few moments on the side of the bed, trying to orientate himself.

Then, in a flash of horror, he remembered.

He got to his feet quickly and moved over to the door. He tried the handle, but it was locked. He tugged the door for several seconds trying to get it open, then, in despair moved back to the table where he had left his small black bag.

He rummaged through the bag for several moments until he found the small shaving mirror. He held up the glass and looked into it. His hand went to his neck and he fingered the two puckered sores under his chin, where the blood trailed from, down to the collar of his jacket.

Harker put the mirror down and hurried over to the window where he



a curse which threatens to consume the one man who has come to fight it!





pulled aside the curtains. The late afternoon sunlight streamed in. He looked at his watch, and walked back to the table. There he sat with his diary before him.

He began to write:

I have become a victim of Dracula and the woman in his power. Should misfortune continue to befall me and I am unable to carry out my task I can only pray that whoever finds my body will possess the knowledge to do what is necessary to release my soul.

Harker then picked up his diary from the table, along with the black bag. He walked over to the window and opened it slowly. He spoke softly to himself as he began to climb outside.

"While my senses are still my own I must do what I am out to do."

"I must find the resting place of Dracula and, there, end his existence forever."

Jonathan hurried down the drive toward the main gates of the castle. He glanced upward at the rapidly disappearing sun.

"Soon it will be sundown and they will walk upon."

Harker moved through the gates until he was standing in the road. He looked up and down—there was no one in sight. Then he moved across the road a slight way down from the gates and, stopping close to a tree, placed his diary in a crotch of a branch that overhung the roadway.

He stepped back to see if it would be visible to any passerby. Satisfied, he moved back toward the gates.





Troubled, he once again looked up at the sky, then started toward the mausoleum.

The door looked as though it was permanently shut and weathered into place. But Harker knew better. He put his shoulder against the door and it gave slightly. Standing back he started to run his hand up the edge of the cornice, in search of a catch.

After a few endless moments he found what he was looking for. The door swung silently outward.

Holding the bug in his hand, Jonathan stepped into the gloom. The only light was a shaft of hard sun through the open door, and this seemed to be swallowed up in the stygian gloom that pervaded the entire mausoleum. Two coffins rested quietly. It seemed that the dust of ages lay around and over everything.

Slowly Harker approached the coffins, going to the larger one first. It was Dracula's.

Dracula lay there, eyes shut. All the sin of the world seemed etched in the lines of his face. Even in that relaxed position, the two long canines were plainly visible, and there were still smears of blood on his face.

Harker looked for a moment longer, then turned to the other coffin. The woman lay in it, her eyes closed.

Her expression was that of a well-fed cat. A trickle of blood ran from the corner of her mouth, down her neck and across the upper portion of her breasts. Even in that state of complete relaxation, the deathlike trance, she still looked delectable. Harker opened his black bag and produced a roll. He untied the cords



that held it, producing a short-handled, iron-headed hammer and a number of needle-sharp wooden stakes, about a foot long. He took the hammer in his right hand, and one of the stakes in his left. Then he stepped closer to the woman's coffin. He placed the point of the stake just under the woman's left breast, which caused a hollow indentation in the skin.

Harker braced himself, raised the hammer high in the air, and struck down hard.

There was a sudden, shattering scream of agony, but Jonathan did not falter. He brought the hammer down again, and again.

Then he stopped back weakly, eyes still riveted on the coffin.

In the other crypt Dracula's eyes popped open, he rolled his head sideways, a look of rage creased his brow.

Harker was almost transfixed, he did not notice the light vanish through the small window. The sunset had gone. It was twilight.

Jonathan leaned forward and looked into the coffin more closely. Where there had been a beautiful young girl, there now was the body of a very old woman, almost crumbling before his eyes. Harker stood there for a moment, recovering from the horror of his experience. Then



realizing that he had not finished, he took another stake and turned to the coffin of Dracula.

Harker froze into immobility.

The coffin was empty. An indentation in the soil at the bottom showed where the Count had rested. Jonathan stared, unable to believe his eyes. A sound galled him round sharply.

The door of the mausoleum swung shut. It slammed hard with a solid clank, cutting off practically all the light. Standing on the stairs was Dracula. Harker backed away, a look of complete horror on his face.

Then the light vanished completely.

IV

The local inn was quiet, save for the half-dozen regulars who sat around the crude wooden bar and at the high back benches near the fireplace. The landlady, a large ruddy-faced man, turned the key to the music box. It seemed that he was the only person in the place who cared if it was on or off.

The door opened and a tall stranger with a lean distinguished face entered the tap room. It fell quiet.

"I'd like a brandy, please," Van Helsing rubbed his hands together to ward off the cold. The innkeeper poured a glass. Van Helsing noticed the garlands of garlic that seemed to festoon the room.

He took the glass from the innkeeper and asked: "What are you afraid of?"

"Afraid of?"

"Yes. Why do you have garlic placed all over the room?"

"Who are you? What is your business here?" blustered the floridly complected man, becoming even more ruddened with anger.

"I have a letter dated three days ago from here. It was sent by a Jonathan Harker. Do you recall him?"

"No? Look, whoever you are. You came to this place after information. We can't give it to you. Now why don't you leave us alone?"



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Van Helsing seeks out Count Dracula to save Harker, his long time friend.

As the innkeeper boasted at Van Helsing, one by one the locals drifted out of the inn.

Van Helsing once again touched a garden of garlic.

"Why is all this garlic kept here?"

"It's drying."

"It's there for protection," barked Van Helsing. "It's your protection against Vampires... we all know that vampires cannot tolerate garlic. But can't you get it through your thick heads that the information I'm seeking could forever end this terror you live in. Jonathan Harker came here to help you. I must know where he was going if I am to finish the work he started."

The landlord faced Van Helsing, eye to eye.

"It should never have been started... there are some things that are best left undone... Now leave us alone. We can tell you nothing."

With this he turned away from Van Helsing, who made his way toward the fireplace.

"Can I get a meal?", asked Van Helsing.

"Inga!"

The landlord shouted in the direction of the kitchen door that stood open. A pretty young girl stuck her head out, the landlord nodded his head in Van Helsing's direction.

"Bring him some supper."

Van Helsing moved to a high back bench near the fire where he slipped off his cloak and hung it over the back of the bench and sat down.

He puffed the letter out again and read it, his brow furrowed with worry and concentration, then looked up as Inga came round from the back of the bench carrying a tray with the cutlery and setting for his supper. He smiled a little weakly at the girl as he started to put the letter back in his pocket. Then he noticed that Inga was looking at him hard, as if trying to pass some silent signal.

She placed the tray down on the table beside him, and leaned close.

"This was found and brought here... nobody can read it. They told me to burn it... but he... he was such a kind gentleman."

She lifted the corner of the napkin on the tray.

It was the diary.

Van Helsing smiled his thanks to Inga, and she moved away.

Having checked that he could not be seen, Van Helsing slipped the diary out from under the napkin, and flipped open the cover.

Written on the fly leaf was:

The Diary of Jonathan Harker.

Van Helsing stood before the open gates of Castle Dracula. He was about to enter when he heard the sound of a shout and a whip cracking, followed by the rumbling of wheels.

Quickly, Van Helsing jumped back into the protection of the gate pillars for,



along the drive, there came a large hearse.

It was being driven quickly by an obviously terrified man, who didn't even see Van Helsing. The coach was attached to two huge gray horses, coal black with high, nodding plumes on their foreheads.

Through the undrawn curtains at the rear of the hearse, Van Helsing saw a large ornate coffin which was slipping and sliding from side to side with the movement.

The hearse turned out of the gate, rocked onto the road and thundered down the tree-lined avenue, sending up clouds of dust into the air.

Van Helsing stepped back into the road and looked off after the hearse, then turned and started through the gates.

The door of the castle stood half-open. He gave it a push and stepped onto the threshold, then made his way to the dining room. It was as Harker had left it. The dirty dishes remained untouched.

Van Helsing entered the room and called:

"Harker!"

He was answered by a faint echo. He called again, louder.

"Harker!"

Still just an echo.

He crossed to the stairway and began to walk up the steep, aged stone. He came to the passage and looked around. The door of Jonathan's bedroom stood ajar.

Van Helsing entered the room, and stood for a long moment, looking at the wreckage. Jonathan's belongings were strewn around the room, and the hangers of his suitcases had been torn away. Then something caught Van Helsing's eye.

Standing on the table was the frame that had held the picture of Lucy Holmwood. He picked it up. The frame was still intact . . . but empty. The photograph had been torn out.

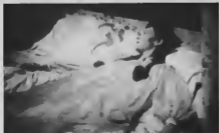
Van Helsing then made his way from the castle to the mausoleum.

The two coffins still rested on their respective plinths.

but now, tragically, only the blessed peace of death can save Harker!



Like a plague, the horror of Dracula follows Van Helsing back to England



Van Helsing walked over to the smaller of the two and looked in.

There rested the body of the ancient woman, the wooden shaft protruding from her chest. He hesitated, studying her, then turned to the other coffin.

Van Helsing gasped in horror.

It was the body of Jonathan Harker, lying in the spot where Dracula had rested. He was drained of all blood, what was left was merely skin over a skeleton. The bony hands were crossed in mock reverence over the chest, and the skull grinned up at Van Helsing malevolently.

Van Helsing took a closer look at the body of his friend. There on the neck were the two puncture marks. The mark of the vampire.

Van Helsing turned and looked around the mausoleum.

Immediately he noticed the hammer and stakes that Jonathan Harker never used. He bent over and picked them up.

With a look of sadness, regret and loathing, Van Helsing placed the stake over the heart of his friend and drove it home.

V

Van Helsing was seated in the parlour of the Holmwood house with Arthur and Mina Holmwood. He felt uneasy about the news he had given those friends of Jonathan Harker. Jonathan had been engaged to Lucy Holmwood, Arthur's sister.

Van Helsing stood, feeling the silent hostility coming from Holmwood.

"I realize how fantastic my request must sound, but I must ask you again not to press me for details of Jonathan's death."

Holmwood stood, holding his wife

close to him, his face showed pain and doubt.

"You mean you still refuse to tell us?"

"I am afraid that is so."

"We can't accept your refusal."

Mina rested her hand on her husband's arm.

"Arthur". She spoke silently, almost gently.

"No Mina - please allow me to handle this." He spoke bitterly. "I find your whole story of Jonathan's death suspicious. You come here and tell us that he is dead, then you refuse to tell us the manner in which he died. How are we to know you are telling the truth?"

"You have the death certificate", Van Helting answered coldly.

"Signed by you, I'm afraid that is just not good enough!"

Mina, holding her husband's arm, spoke.

"Doctor Helting, how long ago was it?"

"Ten days ago Mrs. Holmwood."

Arthur broke in, his face lined in rage.

"Ten days! Then why have we not received his body?"

"He was cremated."

"Cremated? By whose authority?"

"His own. As his friend and colleague he had told me that was his wish."

Van Helting continued: "Now may I remind you that it was not you, or your charming wife I came to see, but Jonathan's fiancée, your sister Lucy."

"I forbid you to see my sister!"

Van Helting stood, quietly for a moment, gathering his thoughts.

"That is up to you of course. If you refuse me permission to see her then I must accept that refusal."

Van Helting showed himself out. Mina turned to her still angry husband.

"He came more than a hundred miles to tell us, and break the news to Lucy."

"Mina, Lucy is sick."

"She will have to learn sometime, Arthur."

"But from us, Mina, not from him. We'll see how she is this evening. . . . I decide then."

Later that evening Arthur and Mina looked in on Lucy in her bedroom. It was a ground-floor room with wide French Windows leading onto a patio and a garden beyond. There was a feminine touch to the room in the chaise and the drapes, with matching dressing table.

In the bed, set against one wall, sat Lucy.

She was a very beautiful young lady, although she appeared as though she had been recovering from a long illness. She was propped up with pillows behind her back and she looked up at Mina and Arthur who were standing in front of the bed.

"It is a premonition I have", whispered Lucy. "I know that he will be home soon."

Lucy smiled softly.

"Go on you two, put it down to the delirious ravings of a sick person. But





you see if I'm not right . . . Jonathan will be home inside of a week. Then we'll see how long I remain an invalid . . . I won't need old pompous doctor Seward to tell me he doesn't know what's wrong with me."

Arthur and Miss didn't utter a word. Finally Miss smiled and stepped forward.

"Of course dear. Why don't you lie down now and try to sleep . . . here, let me take one of those pillows."

Miss removed a pillow from behind Lucy's back and the young invalid relaxed.

Miss then bent forward and kissed Lucy gently on the forehead.

"Good night dear."

"Good night Miss . . . good night Arthur . . . and step standing there like a big brother."

Then suddenly, on an impulse, Arthur came around the side of the bed and kissed his sister softly.

Not long after the door closed, Lucy's pose of apparent lightheartedness seemed to drop off and she rolled over on the pillow looking toward the French Windows, through which the moonlight streamed.

On her neck were two puncture marks. She laid there for a moment, still looking out the window, then after a slight pause, she sat up. She threw back the bedclothes and slipped out of bed. There was a dressing gown at the foot of the bed, but she didn't bother with it. In her extremely diaphanous and low-cut nightgown, she went straight to the door of the room.

She pressed her ear up against the door for a second and, hearing nothing, straightened up. She turned the key in the lock, slightly so that the click was barely audible.

She moved toward the French Windows. Her movements were almost hypnotic. She stood by the windows briefly, leaned forward and unlocked them. She pulled them open.

A breath of night air crested the hem of her nightgown and she shivered uncontrollably. Then she stepped back a pace looking toward the open portico.

She turned and walked to the edge of the bed. Purposefully she raised her arms and unclasped a gold chain, that bore a crucifix, from around her neck and placed it on the bed side table. Then she unslung the nightdress from her shoulders and reclined on the bed, looking in the direction of the open French Windows.

In the meantime, Van Helsing was at work in his hotel rooms. He was using a Dictaphone recording machine with framework of wrought-iron. The black recording cylinder wobbled slightly on its axis, causing the needle to rock up and down as it followed the grooves.

The scratchy voice that came from the horn was barely recognizable as that of Van Helsing, his record of all he had seen at Castle Dracula. As the recording played on, the Doctor walked across the





The Holmwood family, with the help of Van Helsing, hold their grim vigil through their night of terror

room to a table where all of Harker's belongings have been set out, including the diary.

Then came a discreet knock on the door.

"Well?" Asked Van Helsing, uneasy. He crossed over to the machine and turned it off, as the door opened and the Hotel's Under-Manager stepped in. The man glanced nervously at the recording machine.

"A thousand apologies for disturbing you, Doctor Van Helsing . . . it is necessary to ascertain when you will consider vacating this suite of rooms over clients, you understand?"

"I don't know as yet. Possibly tomorrow . . . possibly not. I'll let you know."

"The manager would consider it a personal favor if you could give him as much notice as . . ."

"I said I'll let you know. Goodnight."

With a final suspicious glance at the machine, he closed the door.

Van Helsing moved back to the Dictaphone, lifted the needle and dropped it back several grooves. He switched it

back on again. The voice ground up to speed.

" . . . the glass was shattered and the portrait had been ripped out . . . a torn piece still remained in one corner. Whose portrait was it? Was it that of Jonathan's fiancée, Lucy? . . . if so, why had Dracula taken it? What could he have wanted with it?"

Lucy was still lying on top of the bedclothes with her head turned toward the French Windows. The curtains were moving restlessly in the night breeze.

Then across the windows passed a fleeting shadow.

Lucy suffered momentarily, then relaxed again, waiting.

Inside the French Windows stood Dracula.

He was dressed as before, in complete unrelieved black, with his long high collared cloak. His eyes were blazing with hypnotic intensity. He smiled a tight little smile that pulled back his upper lip exposing the two canine teeth.

Lucy began to breathe heavily as Dracula approached. He cradled her head in his hands and kissed her forehead

softly, then moved slowly down to her lips and neck.

It was about nine o'clock the following morning when Gerda, the Holmwood's housekeeper, greeted the fat, and rather pompous Doctor Seward. Gerda looked very upset, as well as tired.

"Morning", rasped Seward.

Miss called from the parlor, "Is that the doctor?"

"Yes Ma'am," replied the weary housekeeper.

Miss then entered the room and took the doctor's coat.

"Good morning Doctor Seward . . . I'm so glad you could come."

"I came as soon as I got your message my dear. What seems to be the trouble this morning?"

"She's worse Doctor . . . much worse."

Gerda looked as though she was ready to burst into tears.

"I see," continued Seward. "Well, it's no more than I expected."

Miss cast a look at the near crying Gerda.



Van Helsing drives back the now undead and possessed Lucy Hainwood

"That will be all for the moment, Gerda."

She bobbed a curtsey, and, with a sniff, left the room.

Mina turned to the doctor as she started leading him in the direction of Lucy's room.

"Poor Gerda, she does love Lucy so, and she can't bear that she should be ill."

"These domestics are all the same, my dear. They form motherly attachments to those they work for."

"I don't think there's anything wrong in the way Gerda feels. She has a little girl you know . . . Lucy is very good to her."

Mina opened the door to Lucy's bedroom and was followed in by Doctor Seward.

Lucy was lying in bed. She looked like death, as though most of the blood had been drained from her body. She appeared to be in a coma-like state, and did not move or open her eyes as Mina and the doctor came to the bedside.

Seward picked up her limp wrist and took her pulse. Mina looked on, her face clouded.

"She was like this this morning when I came in to wake her. She hasn't stirred."

Seward held on to Lucy's wrist for a moment more, then dropped it. He leaned over her and lifted one of her eye lids and peered into the pupil.

Then he straightened up. Mina, looked at him nervously.

"What is it, Doctor?"

"It's . . . it's a rare form of anæmia. That is what's sapping her strength."

"What about those marks on her neck?"

"What marks?"

"There . . . look."

Seward looked, then again, more closely. Then he straightened up again.

"They've got nothing to do with her condition. Nothing at all."

"Then what are they?", asked Mina.

"Just some form of sting . . . mosquito probably."

Seward turned from the bed and started for the door.

As Mina and Doctor Seward came from Lucy's room, Gerda's seven year old daughter, Tanya came running from the door that led to the kitchen. She ran to Mina's side.

"May I see Aunt Lucy now?"

Seward came forward.

"No child you can't."

Tanya looked up at him, a look of sadness crossed her brow.

"Why not?"

"Aunt Lucy is sick", stated Mina, softly.

"What's the matter with her?"

"She's . . . she's just not very well", answered Mina, her voice in a near quaver.

Tanya looked back at the Doctor.

"Don't you know what's wrong with her?"

"Of course I do child."





The three heads of Doctor Van Helting—lending strength to the terrified, comforting the bewildered





and liberating the undead.

"Then why don't you make her better?"

Gerda walked in just in time to save Seward from an embarrassing situation.

"How many times have I told you child that you mustn't go bothering Mrs. Holmwood and Doctor Seward?"

"I only wanted to see Aunt Lucy."

"Well, you can't. Now come back to the kitchen." Gerda glanced up at Mrs. Holmwood. "I'm sorry Ma'am."

"That's alright Gerda."

Miss smiled as Tanya ran off, then rejoined Doctor Seward who had dozed her cloak.

"I shall be sound again tomorrow. Until then, remember, plenty of fresh air . . . you might even try leaving the garden doors open tonight."

He turned to the door and opened it.

"Bye my dear . . . and don't worry."

"Good bye Doctor."

Miss closed the door behind him. She looked quite worried.

VI

Van Helsing was in the process of packing when there came a knock on his door. He crossed the room and opened it.

There stood Miss Holmwood, an embarrassed look on her face.

"Good morning Mrs. Holmwood. Won't you come in?"

Van Helsing ushered her through. He noticed the look of intense concern on the woman's face.

"What seems to be the matter?"

"Lucy. She is very ill. We haven't told her about Jonathan yet."

"How long has she been sick?"

"About a week . . . Doctor Seward says it is some form of anemia."

A look of urgency crossed Van Helsing's face.

"I must see Miss Lucy . . . immediately!"

Lucy was asleep when Miss and Van Helsing entered her room. Miss shook her gently awake. She took a moment to orient herself. When she spoke, her voice was faint and without expression.

"Hello Miss. Who's this?"

"This is Doctor Van Helsing . . . he's a friend of Jonathan's."

"Jonathan's dead . . . isn't he?", whispered Lucy.

Miss and Van Helsing exchanged a quick glance.

"He is . . . isn't he?"

Miss nodded.

"I knew he was," continued Lucy.

"Darling", Miss softly spoke, "who told you? Was it Arthur?"

Lucy shook her head.

"Who then?"

Lucy just looked at her for a moment, "Nobody told me . . . I just knew that's all. Is that why Doctor Van Helsing is here?"

"Partly . . . but how did you . . . ?"

"I'm sorry you've had a wasted journey, sir."

Van Helsing smiled at the sick woman.

"Not at all. I understand you are not well."

"That's what they say."

"Do you mind if I just have a look at your neck?"

Lucy flushed him a look of suspicion. Her hand automatically went to her throat to cover the marks.

"It's quite alright, I won't hurt you."

Gently but quite firmly he pulled Lucy's hand away from her neck until he could clearly see the two puncture marks.

Miss looked on, puzzled.

"Doctor Seward said they were some sort of sting."

Van Helsing straightened up slowly.

"When did they appear?"

"When she was first taken ill."

After a brief pause, Van Helsing turned to Miss.

"Please, will you show me out?"

Miss, somewhat surprised, led him to the hall. She noticed the deep concentration in which Van Helsing seemed lost. Finally, he looked at her and questioned.

"Are you sure that she could not have known about the death of Jonathan Harker?"

"Quite sure, I cannot understand it . . . and she is taking it so well . . . it—it frightens me."

"You have cause to be frightened. Now I would like to try something . . . something that will make her well again."



"Oh! If you only could . . . anything."

"I'm not promising anything, but if you do what I say, I shall know in the morning whether my suspicions are correct. If they are, then perhaps we can think of some way to further the cure."

"What is it that you want me to do?"

"First I want some garlic . . . I want the bulbs and the flowers."

"Very well."

"Good. Now pick as many as you can, put them in vases and place them all around Miss Lucy's room."

Mina, confused, started to speak but Van Helsing stopped her.

" . . . let me finish. Then dice some bulbs of garlic and rub them on the frames of all the doors and windows. Seal the room with garlic. Do you understand?"

"Your actions I understand but your motives . . ."

"One other thing . . . the windows and doors in Miss Lucy's room must be kept shut tight from dusk to dawn."

"But Dr. Seward left instructions to the contrary . . ."







Suddenly Van Helsing blazed with indignation, actually the culmination of his frustration and desperation. His eyes burned.

"I do not care what this Dr. Seward said. Do what I have told you, and we may be able to save the young girl in there. Do not do it, and she will die!"

A short time later Mina arrived at the door to Lucy's room carrying a vase of garlic flowers. As Mina entered, Lucy looked questioningly in her direction. It was apparent that Lucy had lost her composure from the early part of the day. Now she seemed restless and tossed from side to side on the bed.

"Why Mina . . . why?"

"Never you mind! Dr. Van Helsing is a very clever man . . . Dr. Seward hasn't been overly successful. We'll see what happens now."

"But they smell so terrible!"

"That's probably why he suggested them . . . the garlic is to keep what ever is biting you out of the room . . . that's why we're having the windows shut as well."

After having reminded Lucy that she and Arthur had an important dinner engagement to attend that evening, Mina kissed her goodnight and left. In the hallway stood Arthur and Gerda. The housekeeper held Mina's cloak for her as she dressed.

"Thank you Gerda . . . we won't be too late."

"Away with you both, And don't worry about Miss Lucy. I'll take good care of her."

Back in her bed, Lucy tossed and turned more intensely than before. Suddenly she came out of her slight somnolence and froze for a moment, unable to orientate herself. Then she rolled her head sideways and stared at the tightly secured French Windows. Her expression then changed from distaste to loathing. Finally, overwhelmed by her frustration, she quickly swept her hand out across the bedside table. The vase of garlic crashed to the floor. At that instant Gerda entered.

"Heaven's child . . . what is it?"

"Oh Gerda . . . those flowers . . . I can't stand them."

"They do smell horribly, but Mrs. Holmwood said . . ."

"But Gerda . . . they make me feel so ill . . . please . . . please!"

After a thoughtful pause, Gerda agreed. As she finished with the vases of garlic, Lucy pleaded that the windows also be opened. Gerda, again, complied. As the nurse housekeeper made her quiet exit, Lucy gazed longingly in the direction of the French Windows. Now, at the corner of her mouth, showed something almost like a smile.

The two marks on her neck were greatly enlarged. But as Dr. Seward pulled the white sheet over her face it no longer mattered.

Seward turned from the bed and looked at Arthur and Mina.



"There was nothing I could do."

Arthur said nothing. He moved near to his wife and put his arm around her. They all turned as a knock resounded on the door.

Gerda entered the room, her eyes red from crying.

"I'm sorry sir, there's a Doctor Van Helting."

Arthur seemed almost unable to believe what he had heard. The door was then pushed wide open and Van Helting appeared from behind Gerda.

"Mrs. Holmwood, did you do as I told you?"

Arthur, his face twisted in pain stepped forward.

"She did. And you can see the result. Now why don't you go and leave us in peace? First Jonathan and now Lucy."

Van Helting looked at Mina, knowing it was now useless to talk to Arthur.

"Mrs. Holmwood, I can only hope that through your grief you can see sufficiently clear to recognize that what I did had nothing, nothing to do with the death of your husband's sister. Rather, blame the person who took the flowers from the room."

Mina looked up for the first time.

"How, how did you know they were taken out?"

"If they had not been, then Miss Lucy would still be alive."

Van Helting then turned to Arthur.

"I wanted to spare you the terrible



to claim yet another Holmwood woman!



truth about the death of Jonathan Barker, but now with the death of your sister I feel I must . . . as perhaps they are linked. I know you would not believe me . . . but I know you would Jonathan."

Van Heling handed Arthur the diary, and with a slight bow, left the house.

Several evenings later, Gerda, and Arthur and Mina Holmwood responded to a knock at their door. To their astonishment it was the local Constable accompanied by Gerda's daughter, Tanya. The officer said them that he had spied Tanya walking unaccompanied near the woods edge and he thought it best to deliver her to her parents. Arthur thanked him and he left. Gerda, feeling both anger and relief, spoke nothing to her sobbing child. It was Mina who asked the first question.

"Tanya, my dear, what were you doing out by the woods?"

Still sobbing, Tanya managed to answer.

"I was out by myself . . . she came up

to me . . . she said hello to me . . . and she asked me to walk with her . . . and then . . . then we sat down and she went to . . . to kiss me . . . But someone came along and she . . . she ran away".

Gerda asked the next question, a quiet intensity on her face.

"Who did dear . . . who was she?"

"Aunt Lucy".

There was a sharp chill in the air of the cemetery the following evening, but Arthur Holmwood felt it not at all. He approached a certain crypt with a singleness of purpose etched firmly on his brow. He pushed the door of the crypt open and stood very still staring with the eyes of fear. He made the decision he had to make, ducked his head, and entered. He hesitated at the sight of a new coffin, brasswork still gleaming. Carefully he reached out his hand and touched the plate set in the lid. It read:

LUCY HOLMWOOD 1875-1899

He lifted his hand from the plate and gripped tightly onto the underside of the

coffin lid. The lid was heavy, but his was the strength of conviction. Finally he threw back the cover and looked inside. The empty coffin was in great contrast with Holmwood's terror-filled eyes.

Not far away Tanya walked along a narrow path in the undergrowth, dressed only in her nightgown. She seemed to be in a sort of trance as she stepped, looked around her and spoke.

"Did you call me, Aunt Lucy?"

It was a very different Aunt Lucy that stood before young Tanya. She seemed more voluptuous, wanton, with a hungry look about her. Her hair was matted slightly and her face streaked with dirt. But, the most noticeable change was that her two canine teeth had grown markedly and now overlapped her lower lip. She smiled a most evil grimace at Tanya.

"Yes, darling . . . come . . ."

She took Lucy's hand.

"Where are we going . . . you're cold."

"We'll go for a little walk . . ."

As the two figures departed, hand in hand, there was a sudden agitation in the bushes on the periphery. A man, dressed in black cloak, was partially hidden from view.

Arthur Holmwood waited just outside the crypt. Suddenly he stiffened. It was difficult at first but, as they drew closer, he recognized Tanya and his very own sister, Lucy!

"It is much further, Aunt Lucy."

"Nearly there, my darling."

As Lucy was about to lead the child into the crypt, she suddenly whirled round at the sound of a voice.

"Lucy!"

Arthur moved forward, not ready to accept what he had seen.

Lucy let go of Tanya's hand as she recognized Arthur. She smiled a diabolical grin of welcome.

"Arthur . . . dear brother."

She came closer to him.

"Dear Arthur . . . why didn't you come sooner?"

Her arms stretched out to him.

"Come, let me kiss you."

Arthur stood rooted to the spot, unable to move from the horror that confronted him.

Lucy reached him and put her hands on his shoulders. Suddenly there was a flash of light and, between the two figures, pushed an arm holding a crucifix in the center of Lucy's forehead. She screamed in agony. As she jumped back from the cross, they saw, bared into her forehead, a livid, red welt.

She looked toward Van Helsing and Arthur for a moment, gnashing her teeth.

The two men stood looking at her, Arthur almost sick with horror.

Lucy turned and ran quickly into the crypt.

Arthur tried to follow, but Van Helsing stopped him. The two men stood quietly. Van Helsing placed his hand gently on Arthur's shoulder.

Van Helsing then went over to Tanya, who had been watching wide-eyed in fear. He went down on one knee beside her.

"Would you like me to take you home?"

Tanya nodded her head.

"Not Aunt Lucy?"

"No, not Aunt Lucy . . . look, over there, if you watch you'll see the sun come up."

Tanya turned her eyes toward where Van Helsing was pointing. He then removed his cloak and wrapped it around the child's shoulders, got to his feet and started into the crypt. Van Helsing joined Arthur at his sister's coffin. He spoke quietly but coldly.

"You are now witness to the filth and degradation of this vampire, Dracula, that Jonathan Harker died trying to destroy. I am only sorry that your sister should be the victim."

"This is not my sister!"

Van Helsing, the vampire hunter, agreed.



Mona's curve at last, and shockingly, revealed!



Dracula keeps Mina in a hypocaust trance

"No. This is not your Lucy. This is just a shell possessed by the evil of her bestial master . . ." Van Helsing passed reflectively, then continued "But she can be his downfall. Sooner or later she must lead us to him. Then, pray God, we shall be able to annihilate his cult of horror for all time. Ever since Lucy became one of the damned, the undead, I have been watching her. This is the first time she has ventured forth at night. She must go to him soon . . . she must."

"No! . . . no, she must not remain like this . . . She must regain her soul. There is a way . . . you know there is."

"Not yet . . . Not yet . . . she is our only hope of reaching him."

"What about that child out there? And the others she will defile? No! She must be freed of this horror. I demand it. I have the right."

Both men gazed. Van Helsing looked squarely into the eyes of Arthur

Holmeswood. Eyes that, in so short a time, had shown intense borrowings of grief, anger, disbelief and, ultimately, terror.

"You know how it must be done?"

After having delivered Tanya to the safety of their residence, Holmeswood returned to the crypt where a determined Van Helsing stood, fully prepared to do what he must. As the Doctor approached the coffin, armed with a long sharpened wooden spike and heavy mallet, Arthur trembled. Van Helsing placed the tip of the stake just below the left breast of the once pure young woman. He raised the mallet high and struck with great force. A fierce animal scream of pain pushed Arthur against the wall. Van Helsing struck again as thick red blood bubbled out over the vampiric and onto the hand that held the stake. In the corner, the hands of Arthur Holmeswood gripped frantically at the wall, sharing the agony a brother must.

After a moment the Doctor turned

toward his sickened friend and beckoned him closer. Too shocked not to obey, he drew next to Van Helsing and looked down. His sister had returned. Despite the red dampens that covered the girl a look of peace now shone where once only wantonness reigned. The canine teeth were gone. The slight smile of eternal rest caressed her lips.

Van Helsing's hands held a full decanter of brandy and a round glass. He poured and delivered the glass to Arthur's shaking fingers. He downed the contents in two long draughts, grimaced and addressed his companion.

"What . . . now?"

"Lucy was my only lead to Dracula . . . eventually she would have been bound to go to him."

"But it had to be done, just . . . just as I'll do anything to help you find this . . . fiend!"

"Good, but first you must have some protection—the protection of knowl-

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edge. I am going to tell you the truth about vampirism. The facts form the illusion. It embraces the lore and experience of the Ancients as well as others who, like myself, have studied the powers of the Undead."

The Doctor pondered and then went on.

"The popular belief that the vampire can change his form, into a bat or a wolf, is nonsense. He is as rigidly bound by the natural laws of flesh and blood as you or I . . . with one important exception. The vampire cannot die. He is cursed with immortality and must go on age after age adding new victims to his unholy cult, victims who then become Undead. Two things, and two things only can destroy a vampire. The first you have witnessed tonight, the second is exposure to the rays of the sun. Daylight is intolerable to the vampire. Arthur was aghast. "You mean Lucy could have regained her soul by simply exposing her to the rays of the sun . . . and yet you preferred to drive that horrible stake through her body."

"Restrain yourself, I said that vampires could be destroyed by exposure to the sun—they cannot regain their souls that way. What I did was the only way. Her soul is released and she is at peace forever."

"I'm sorry. Please . . ."

Van Helsing politely brushed the unnecessary apology off.

"Unless destroyed, the vampire will live on forever, replenishing his body during the hours of darkness with the warm blood of living humans."

"You mean that Dracula could be . . . hundreds of years old."

"There is evidence of the existence of a Count Dracula more than six hundred years ago. Of course, he could be an antecedent of the present Count, but it is my contention he is the same person. That is why he must be destroyed. If we allow him to escape us, he will be free to spread his reign of sickening horror for another six hundred years."

"But how do we start to look for him?"

"He will be here, waiting for Lucy, waiting for revenge against Jonathan Harker . . . for what he did to his woman. Your own sister was to have returned with Dracula to his castle as replacement for the woman Jonathan destroyed."

Arthur was slowly realizing the magnitude of Van Helsing's lecture. He let the credits hammer of the Undead continue.

"The day I visited the house of Dracula, a huge hearse drove out of the grounds carrying a coffin. During the daylight hours the vampire must return to his resting and . . . that coffin could have contained such soil. To reach here it would have to cross the border at Ingham. . . We must go there . . . Now!"

They rushed towards the Doctor's waiting coach.



"If we do not forestall him," Van Helwig warned, "then God protect the unfortunate creature whom Dracula selects for his next victim!"

The lovely Mina Holmwood looked up from her embroidery when the door knocker rapped with impetuosity. She opened the door and was momentarily surprised. A young lad leaned casually on the entrance way.

"You Mrs. Holmwood?"

"I am."

"Got a message for you. You're to go to 49 Frederickstrasse—right away he says, and you're not to tell anyone."

"Who says?"

"Arthur Holmwood he calls himself—said you'd know him."

"I know him of course... but are you sure there's no mistake... Mr. Holmwood has gone to England."

"Not if he give me this message he 'asn't... and he give me this message—Night!"

Mina stared at the strapping fellow by the young messenger, made up her mind and dressed. Quietly, so as to give no explanations, she slipped out into the darkness.

The customs official at Fingstedt was a rather amusing figure. His small overblown frame, armed in night clothes with uniform jacket and side slanting hat, gave the impression of a small boy pretending to be an elder. Van Helwig, not in his most tolerant of moods, spoke sharply.

"I will repeat once more... just over four weeks ago a hearse was driven through here—in that..."

The overweight official persisted in his story.

"Ow do you know it came through here if you wasn't even here yourself?"

"It came from Klausenberg and it went to Carlstad: how else would such a journey be accomplished, except by coming through here? As I was



Holmwood and Van Helwig find Mina near death... Dracula has had his revenge.



saying, in that house was a coffin. We wish to know where that coffin was consigned."

"I don't know if I can give out official information."

The several crumpled green notes Arthur Holmwood impulsively handed the slender receipt spike brought instant enlightenment.

"But since you are a Doctor . . . let me see . . . Klausenburgh to Carlstadt . . . four weeks ago."

After thumbing through his file, the Customs Official extracted a slip and handed it to Van Helsing.

"Here it is . . . sir."

"This is what we want. If we start back now we should get to Carlstadt by morning. As soon as the establishment opens we shall pay a call on this Mr. . . . Mr. Marx."

The street was deserted when Mina arrived. She looked at the address, then the sign that read: **J. MARK UNDERTAKER AND MORTICIAN.**

Mina approached the door and knocked.

The knock reverberated inside the establishment, but there was no answering glimmer of light or sound. She stepped back and looked at the sign again. Then she knocked once more.

There was still no answer.

She stepped from the shadow of the door and looked along the road.

Adjoining the house was a yard, hidden by a high fence. Half way along the fence was another door, used for delivery. Over the door was another plaque marking the yard as belonging to Marx.

Mina started along the walk until she reached the steps. She hesitated for a moment, then walked down into the yard. It was cluttered with half-carved tombstones and effigies, some of which appeared in the half-light like monstrous, ill-formed creatures.

Slowly Mina stepped over the threshold of the gate and looked around.

There was no one there.

At one end of the yard was a small door set into the high wall around it. It was standing slightly ajar, and through it came the faintest thread of light.

Mina approached apprehensively and pushed the door open.

She came around the bend in the stairs and looked around. It was a morgue, filled with coffins staring outwards. They were placed haphazardly, stacked on one another. Some were ornate affairs with gleaming brasses, others but plain wooden boxes. There was an oil lamp set in the niche of the wall. It supplied the light.

Mina suddenly froze in horror.

Dracula's coffin rested on two handles. The lid shifted slightly, then it slid back, and a long bony hand appeared over the edge.

VII

Van Helsing and Arthur were still wearing their traveling coats as they

drank coffee in the parlour of the Holmwood house early the following morning. Both men looked very tired.

Gerda poured the two men some more coffee.

"Stepping out all right then not even taking time for a proper breakfast . . . please sir, let me fry you some eggs?"

"We haven't time, Gerda. Is my wife up yet?"

"I haven't seen her, sir. Would you like me to call her?"

"Perhaps she has overslept. Just look in her room. If she's still asleep, leave her."

Gerda walked into the hall and up the stairs. Van Helsing, having finished his coffee, wiped his mouth with a napkin. He looked at his watch.

"Ready?"

Arthur nodded, downed the rest of his coffee, and getting to his feet turned as Gerda came hurrying in.

"She's not there, sir . . . her bed's all made up but she's not there?"

Holmwood and Van Helsing exchanged a quick glance.

At that moment Mina entered the room. She stood in the kitchen door, looking radiant, wearing a coat with a high ruffled fur collar.

"You gentlemen returned sooner than I expected. I woke early and went for a long walk . . . it was quite delightful."

Arthur stepped forward and kissed her on the cheek.

"We have to go out again my dear. I am sorry to have to leave you alone like this."

"Don't worry about me, I'm perfectly all right. Indeed it was quite a livery to have the house to myself last night."

A short time later Van Helsing and Holmwood were in the company of Mr. Marx, the undertaker. He was an old man, with a neck that continued to his lower lip with very little evidence of a chin.

Marx led them across the yard to a small brick building, talking back over his shoulder.

"This is the entrance to our cellars. We keep our corpses . . . the remains of the dear ones . . . in the cool of the cellar. You are gentlemen of the world, there is no reason to explain why."

When they reached the floor level, Marx stood for a moment and looked around.

"An old man called here once to see his dear departed . . . he fell down these stairs . . . really quite amusing . . . he called to pay his last respects, and remained to shave them . . . quite amusing."

Marx moved to the back of the room, climbing over several coffins in the process.

"Now where are we . . . somewhere in the back I shouldn't wonder . . . the thing has been here so long it's bound to be in the back isn't it . . . Now, where was it . . . where was it?"



Van Helsing saves Mina with the blood of her husband





When Gorda refuses to go to the bathroom, Van Helsing becomes suspicious . . . which ultimately leads him to Dracula's new hiding place

Mina accidentally kicked a basket.

"Oops, sorry . . ."

He turned to Van Helsing and Arthur who were watching.

"You'll have to excuse me . . . I always speak to them this way. One becomes . . . how shall I say it . . . friendly with them after a while . . . this one here, for example."

He pointed to the coffin he had kicked.

"Charming girl . . . really charming."

Suddenly Mina cut his ravings short. He stared down at the results. The coffin was gone.

"I really cannot understand who could have moved it . . . this is really quite beyond me."

Van Helsing's face clouded. Dracula was gone.

At the Holmwood home that evening,

Van Helsing paced the floor. Arthur was seated, but looked as worried as the doctor. Mina sat across from her husband, doing embroidery. She glanced up when Van Helsing broke the silence.

"The only thing we can hope for now is that he has returned to his home."

"Then that is where we must go", Arthur rasped.

Van Helsing shook his head.

"Once he has gone there we'd never find him. The castle is honeycombed with underground passages."

"We'll tear the place down . . . stone by stone!"

"Impossible! For some reason I still have the feeling that Dracula is here. Do you know of any abandoned buildings in the area?"

"There is an old cemetery not far from

here . . . do you think . . . ?"

"At this point we can't afford to take any chances."

Arthur looked over at his wife. He removed a crucifix from his pocket, and went to her side.

"Mina, we have to go out again. I want you to take this . . . don't think it foolish of me."

Mina glanced at the cross, a look of restrained fear on her face. She took it to her hand.

She uttered a sharp cry of pain, stood for a second, then collapsed to the floor.

Van Helsing ran to her side and opened the clenched fingers. There on Mina's palm was the burned outline of the crucifix.

Arthur stood, looking at Van Helsing wildly.



"There is nothing you can do now", said the doctor firmly.

Van Helsing forced the dazed Holmwood to sit down.

"How could this have happened?"

"He lied with Lucy, now he's trying to get revenge through your wife."

"Trying? He's succeeded!"

"Not yet, Holmwood. You and I must stop him. We must stand guard all night. He must not be able to get near the house."

"And Mina, is there any hope?"

"Of course. Unless she dies she cannot become one of the Damned. And we must see that she does not. Now you will take the front of the house, I the rear. It will be a long vigil ... but with God's help we will succeed."

As the two men guarded the house, Mina stood by the window, hidden from view by the half-drawn curtain, watching.

She turned away, eyes blazing.

She crossed to the door and listened. After a moment, having heard something, she unlocked the door and opened it. She stood there, quite still and with no expression staring down into the hall below.

At the foot of the stairs stood Dracula.

He slowly ascended the steps. Mina watched, then moved silently back into her room, leaving the door open. Dracula followed her into the bedroom. The door closed. Mina's lips parted, she gasped for breath. A shadow crossed her, and she closed her eyes. Her body began to shake with passion.

Dracula took Mina into his arms. She moaned quietly. He gently brushed her forehead with his lips ... then her cheek ... and neck. Mina stopped shuddering. She was his.



Holmwood and Van Helsing arrive at Castle Dracula just at the break of dawn ... and it is time to save Mina from being burned alive.





The night passed with agonizing slowness for the two men, but without incident. Soon, the first rays of daylight came over the horizon. Van Helsing walked to the front of the house to get Arthur.

"It is nearly light. He will not come now."

A look of gloom was on Holmwood's brow. Van Helsing placed his hand gently on the man's shoulder.

"Cheer up my friend, we have succeeded in what we set out to do. . . we kept him away from Mina. Come, let us go in."

The two men entered the house and removed their cloaks. Arthur, still weakly, headed for Mina's room. Van Helsing watched him to the door, then turned and started toward the kitchen.

Arthur was round at a cry from Arthur. "Mina. . . !"

Arthur was standing in the door to the bedroom, looking in. Van Helsing rushed

to his side.

Stretched across the bed, out of the bedclothes was Mina. There was blood everywhere. It stained the whiteness of the bed linen, it was smeared across the front of Mina's nightdress, it was upboded across the large expanse of her bare chest. . . and it was spread across her face.

In her neck were two puncture marks, from which there ran a trickle of crimson.

VIII

In a matter of moments, Van Helsing had conducted a transfusion.

He sat Arthur next to Mina's bed, sat Arthur. Connected to one arm, under a roll of bandage, was a tube that ran to Mina's arm.

Arthur stared at the ceiling. Mina, eyes closed, looked like death.

Gorda stood there, watching, transfixed.

Van Helsing took Arthur's wrist and

felt his pulse.

"Has she had enough?"
"For the moment. Anyway, you have given enough. . . you cannot spare any more."

Arthur sat up and swung his feet to the floor, a wave of dizziness overcoming him. Van Helsing took him by the arm.

"Are you alright?"
"Just a little dizzy."
"You'll be fine. Just relax now."

Arthur got up and went across to the bed and looked down at Mina. . . then at Van Helsing.

"Will she. . ."
"She will be fine. Now go and get some rest. I'll join you in a few moments."

Arthur had been seated, sipping a glass of red wine when Van Helsing entered the parlor. He raised to his feet.

"There's only one solution—your theories are wrong! He can change himself into . . . something else. . . he must be able to!"



Van Helsing moves the *Franks of Darkness* in mortal combat, breaking his deadly vice-like grip.

Helsing shook his head.
"No."
"Then how else could he have gotten in? We were there all night!"
Gorda came into the room. Van Helsing turned to her.

"I thought I told you to look after Mrs. Holmwood."

"She's all right, sir. She's sleeping." Arthur looked down at the empty bottle of wine. . . and his glass. Van Helsing had settled into an overstuffed chair, his hands covering his face. He was at deep thought.

Arthur broke the silence.
"Gorda, would you go to the cellar and get another bottle of wine. I think Doctor Van Helsing could use a glass."

"I. . . I don't want to, sir. . . after all. . . after Miss Lucy. . . and all. . ."

"What are you talking about, Gorda?"

"Well, sir. . . Mrs. Holmwood said that under no condition was I to go to the cellar. . ."

With this Van Helsing bolted out of the chair and shot through the door, leaving both Gorda and Arthur staring after him.

Van Helsing opened the cellar door. There it rested. The coffin of Dracula. Van Helsing rushed to the box and threw back the lid. No Dracula. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a crucifix and placed it in the casket.

A hiss from the top of the stairs caused Van Helsing to spin around.

It was Dracula.

The vampire looked at him malevolently, then slammed the door to the cellar, shutting the Doctor in.

Van Helsing rushed up the stairs to the door.

It was locked.

He banged hard on the wood with his fist.

"Open the door! Holmwood. . . can you hear me?"

He pounded again, then cursed the sound of barred footsteps outside.

The door flung open. Holmwood stood, dumbfounded as Van Helsing stood just him. Suddenly, there came a scream from Mina's room. The two men bolted up the stairs.

Gorda was crouched in one corner of the room, staring fearfully towards the open French Windows, the curtains billowing in the wind.

Mina was gone.

Gorda was out of her mind with fear. . . he crashed open the door. . . he looked like the devil. . . he picked up man's like she were a baby. . . !

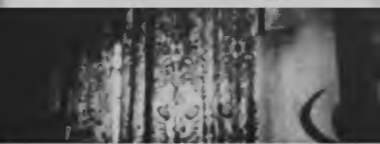
Van Helsing calmed the housekeeper. He knew now the horrible truth. Dracula was taking Mina Holmwood back to his castle. They had slain him.

"We must follow him. He can only make for one place now, his home, he's got to get to his native soil before the sun rises. . . It's his only chance."

"And?"

"If we can catch him before he reaches





Dracula and Van Helsing face off for a moment — then in a flash, the Doctor tears down the heavy drapes, flooding the room with sunlight.







*Descale screams at his body,
bathed in the rays of golden sun,
crumblin' into dust.*

sanctuary, we'll save her. He has a long way to go before sunrise!"

It was about a half hour later when Van Helwing and Holmswood were on the open road. Van Helwing drove the small open coach himself. Holmswood, with a look of anxiety, sat beside him.

When they reached a bend in the road, Van Helwing pulled the horses to a halt. Lying in the highway was a body.

The doctor bent over the still form. Arthur looked on.

"It's a coach driver. He's been dead about half an hour."

The two men moved back to the coach and clambered on.

Van Helwing untied the reins and whipped the horses on. Arthur hung on tight as Van Helwing urged the horses to a cracking pace. They had to shout over the clatter of the hooves and the roar of the steel-tired wheels.

"So he's got a coach, and he's half an hour ahead of us — we must catch up with him!"

"What will he do when he gets to his home?"

"He'll bury himself . . . somewhere we won't be able to find him. He can stay hidden as long as he wants . . . years if necessary!"

"And Miru?"

Van Helwing looked at Arthur sharply, and said nothing.

IX

Descale's coach shattered the night silence as he crashed through the barrier of the frontier post. The official rushed out, waving his fist in the air, then, just stood, rooted to the ground.





Dracula's hand cracks, then powders on the floor

From the distance came the rumbling of a second coach.

The official sprang abroad, then ran out into the road, waving his arms wildly.

Van Helsing's coach just missed the bewildered official as it raced into the night.

Holmeswood looked at Van Helsing, a look of surprised anxiety clouded his brow.

"It's getting light. What are we going to do?"

"We must see what already has been done!" Shouted Van Helsing.

The two men now saw the castle through the heavy trees, the turrets and crenelated walls rising from the forest that surrounded it.

Not far from the mausoleum Dracula was digging a grave. Mina, unconscious, lay near a pile of freshly dug earth. Dracula turned and picked her up, as though she weighed nothing, and threw her in. Then, shovel in hand he began to bury her alive. Mina regained consciousness. She opened her eyes just as a showerful of earth landed on her chest.

For a moment she was unable to orientate herself, then she saw what was happening and started to scream. Dracula shoveled another spadeful in. Suddenly he stopped as he heard the sound of the coach.



Van Helsing watches in silent horror as Dracula drives graves before his eyes





A rare production shot of Christopher Lee in final sequence that was cut from the final film



Standing in the drive was the coach and pair that Dracula used. The horses were standing with lowered heads in the harness, their bodies lathered with sweat.

Van Helsing and Arthur look around. The doctor exclaimed, pointing:

It was Dracula. He tossed one more spiteful into the grave, then dropped the shovel and started toward the castle.

Arthur hurried in the direction of the grave, calling through the underbrush. Van Helsing ran up the drive. He reached the front door scant seconds before Dracula and burst in.

Van Helsing stopped for a moment inside the door trying to tell which way Dracula had passed. Then he heard a noise coming from the direction of the dining room. He lunged toward the open door. As Van Helsing entered, he looked up and saw Dracula running along the gallery. He flew up the stairs after him. The doctor looked up and down. There was no sign of Dracula. Then he heard a noise from a door at the end of the passageway. He raced up the hallway and threw open the door.

In the center of a raised dais Dracula

was lifting a heavy stone trap in the floor.

Dracula was just heaving the trap fully open when Van Helsing reached him.

Dracula looked at Van Helsing, his blood red eyes flooded with anger, unable to do anything for a moment. Then, even as he stood, a ray of sunlight crept across his face. He grasped his head to his face and screamed, then turned. Using the crucifix, Van Helsing forced Dracula back into the pool of light. Van Helsing then turned to the direction of the curtains. Deepening his guard for a moment he raced across the tabletop and tore the dust laden material from its holders. The sun beamed through the whole window, the colors sparkling and then blazing in the dust-cloaked room.

Dracula stood for a moment not knowing what to do. Van Helsing, clapping two candle holders in the sign of the cross, forced the King of the Vampires into the bright sun. Dracula made a lunge at the doctor, but fell headlong to the floor. He tried to scramble to his feet, as an ominous splintering, crack-

ing sound filled the air.

The trousered legs, scrambling for a foothold seemed suddenly to no longer contain a leg at all. The solidity inside the trouser began to dissolve and, as the boots fell from the trouser leg, a little pile of whitish powder cascaded out. Dracula screamed in pain. Van Helsing forced him even deeper into the sun. Dracula's hand slipped into the bright rays. Before he could pull it back, it too had turned into a pile of flint ash.

Dracula's face began to powder too, the flesh drying first and falling from the skull in the form of dust. He gasped several times, and then his chest collapsed.

Dracula had become a mere pile of decay which the morning breeze scattered across the room. All that remained was a heavy ring, and the black clothing and boots.

The mark of the cross very gradually faded from Mina's hand, leaving the flesh clean.

Arthur helped Mina to her feet. The two looked at one another as they heard the sound of birds singing.

Monstermail



HORROR OF DRACULA—there's really nothing left in it he said about it, and if there is, you'll find it in the Epilogue that begins on page 70. By now you've probably read the novel, anyway. Anything we might add would be superfluous and negative. If the issue and our profile therein doesn't speak for itself, then maybe we're in the wrong business. But we thank YOU!

SIL, before we move on to your letters, we'd like to take a moment to give long overdue acknowledgments to some of the people that have given considerable time and effort to see that MCM has a steady flow of information on production sources. Valenti Mc Goddala is the man who keeps us in touch with what's new at ABC-TV. As you probably know, the American Broadcasting Company, with such series as **THE NIGHT STALKER** and **THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN**, plus frequent **MOVIE OF THE WEEK** entries, is currently the most vital source of horror-fantasy-science fiction material on television—a position they have held for several years now. As a matter of fact, the Valenti One has himself edited several horror-fantasy volumes. **GOOSEFLESH** (from Bertley Books) features 1000 goss from the pens of Ray B. Gaffney, August Daniels and Robert E. Howard. **BENWHE MORE BLASTS** (co-edited with Roger Elwood, released by Munro Books) headlines an all-new shocker by Tom Swartz, who co-wrote one of the books upon which **THE TOWERING INFERNO** was based. Finally, May will see the second printing of **HORROR HUNTERS** (also with Elwood, also from Munro) which features stories of "horror slanders" by such notables as Lovecraft, Sturgeon, Bloch and Lister. Do yourself a favor and check them out!

Here's hoping we're in order for Herbert Secor and Carol Lacey over at Brynston Distributors. Aside from **MAX SMITH** and the **PARROT**, **FRANKENSTEIN** and **DRACULA** flicks, they have just begun filming Robert (DR. PHIBBS) Ford's new film.

Finally, we'd like to reiterate our collective pride and offer belated credits (and apologies) to M. Saban and Heather Johnson. It seems that, in the confusion of changing editors that we mentioned on last issue's letter page, credits were dropped on some of their contributions. Aside from writing previous posts, they also helped us with the **LAST OF THE FRANKENSTEINS** in MCM #27. The book and the **LAST OF THE FRANKENSTEINS** (which was also responsible for the **MONSTER MASQUERADE** spread in issue #5. Sorry people.

Okay, enough coffee into your valuable letters page . . . your comments await!

Dear Editors

MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES #5 moved at my neighborhood newsstand right in the middle of that insanity called "the Christmas Rush." Between trying to figure out what I needed for gifts how much I had to spend and actually doing the blasted shopping MCM showed me with a few hours of real and relaxation. A dollar well spent, I'd say!

Thank you for modifying your logo a bit. At times it was hard to distinguish this mag from your **MONSTERS UNLEASHED** title. However, Bob Lallen continues to do a commendable job on your covers, with this Godzilla one being the best to date.

Don Blunt's article on the above mentioned creature brought back a feeling of nostalgia to the individual. As a pre-teen in the early sixties, I used to go down to the Boulevard Theatre and see Godzilla versus Tokyo II (or as an unsuspecting tourist, not to mention the drag-out sakura lights on Monday Island. Thanks for the memories, people.

"Movie scope" continues to be nothing more than a general listing of films now in production. It seems more like a "name dropping column." Please put greater detail in each review.

I especially enjoyed Jim Hennum's and Frank Brown's interview with Elio Cinqueter. It was well written and to the point without any attempts at "loopy humor."

"Parting Dracula's Fair Face If Not Profit" was perhaps the worst title in this issue. What's Ray and Warren seemed to clump. It's hardly as a hobby and Dracula's in the movie! Also one article which was poorly researched and difficult to follow. Please try to keep this from happening again.

Samples of the Radio: by Jim Hennum was an off-beat interesting article. While in certain **DRACULA** was adapted many times during the "golden age." I'm curious to know whether any of the other classic blood suckers (i.e. **Renny the Vampire** and others) were ever on radio as well? Now it was supposed to see Tony Randall was involved in radio monster programs. Was he ever involved with other monster programs besides **TEMPLE OF VAMPIRES**?

As told MCM continues its course by more improvement with #5 being the best to date. Not only do the articles seem better, but they are laid out along with appropriate titles and usually interesting writing. I'm quite satisfied with the large variety of news and views the mag has to offer. Thank you all and may you have a healthy and prosperous 1975.

Steven D. Scholze
33-45 94th St.
Jackson Hts., NY 11372

Dear Sir,

I have just finished reading MCM #5 and enjoyed it just as much as the previous four issues. I find MCM an interesting and informative magazine taking a more adult and serious view towards horror and science fiction movies in the field of film mag. MCM provides a good balance, not too juvenile and not too technical.

I have just one suggestion: get some features on the "psychological" horror films. For instance, I have never seen a review or article on one of my favorites **THE INNOCENTS**. There are numerous others that demand treatment—**PSYCHO**, **THE BIRDS**, **STROIGHT JACKET**, **INVERTMARE**, **SCHAM OF FEAR**, and **DI-MENIA**. (I think so many more deserving "check lists" a good review for a horror movie mag would be to devote to old films and ones of the 30s and 40s. It is to honor old programs. It is to honor films devoted to writers an little known characters actors or forgotten films and to the news on books.

I am looking forward to many future issues of MCM with the same high quality I have seen so far. Good luck.

Tom Kensington
7125 Butler Ave.
Belmont Park, OH 44012

Thanks Tom, in all this writing, we have an article devoted to psychological horror films, but co-edited MCM's eyes it up (they sort of poke between a creepy character and magazine escape the letter from working on **PLANET OF THE APES** too long) of

the suggestion. We're not sure what that means, but we'd keep a look out if we were you.

That's an interesting recipe you have there, but I think you'd find it a tad limiting. While (at present) we do have theme issues, we don't necessarily hold with these theme ones in cover—we usually use it to give an some feeling of direction. We would prefer to remain free to have as much variety as possible with different things covered in varying degrees each issue. We seem to be on the right track with this as issue #5, which was probably our least theme-related issue, received much favorable response.

All we can say for sure is that we'll keep trying and (hopefully) you'll keep responding. Together, we can't lose.





I know letters like mine don't get printed but, unlike other fans, I'm not writing just to see my name in print! But, please, guys, try harder. Thanks.

David Deland
277 Argonne Ave
Lory Beach, CO 80882

Aw, c'mon, Grr. Don't you think you're being a wee bit snooty? Of course this magazine is on the stands to make money. It's very elementary, actually—no money coming in to pay for the next issue equals no next issue. That is, at least until we find printers, distributors, etc., who—being "sensitive students of horror film"—will forgo money just to see their favorite magazine on the stands.

But, you know, there's something curious about "being out to make money"—if readers don't like what you're putting out, they don't buy it. And you DON'T make money. Think about it.

And, by the way, it less words is just to get their names in print, there must be an awful lot of frustrated fans out there, as there are dozens of letters we just don't have room for each issue. And letters we've read are fewer people who have something constructive to contribute to this magazine, so that we can learn what they want to see—and supply it. Without these many letters every month our job at this end would be infinitely harder!



Dear Jim

I'm really sorry that I missed the first four issues of MOW, especially the all-venom issue. Judging by the "Monstrosity" in your fifth issue, I've missed out on quite a lot.

One thing that bothered me was that responses from female readers was positively nonexistent. MOW is more than a magazine for guys who like monster movies. It's a magazine for people who like and are interested in horror films and plays.

If you would have an article on—or, better yet, an interview with—Vincent Price you would have a loyal fan of me.

Would you believe that I almost passed MOW by because of it's cartoonish cover. It would be much more appealing if you'd use photograph covers. Speaking of photos, tell John Rambo to keep up the good work. The pictures throughout the magazine are fantastic. Thanks for listening.

Patty Wright
Knappett, IN 37445

And Jazzy Johnny thanks you—unfortunately, much as he might like to take credit, he isn't responsible for the pictures in the mag. Our many skills and photos come from the seemingly unending list of private collectors available to us, from collectors like Buzz Jones, Ben Herman, Eric Hoffman and other such unknowns (hey, guys, only kidding... MONSTER!).

As for response from female readers, we'd love to

print it! Unfortunately, we're usually lucky to get more than two or three letters from women on any one issue. We know we have a female audience out there somewhere, and nothing would please us more than to hear from them (not just listening, people!). As for the selection of letters themselves, this is done without even looking at the names to see what we the editors are. In actually go through the letters and print letters by women for so other reasons than to print letters by women in itself a form of sexism. We feel that this column is representative of letters by the PEOPLE who read this magazine.

As for the incredible Mr. Price, keep your eyes on these pages. You may be pleasantly surprised!

Dear Sirs,

Having just completed the fifth issue of MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES, I would like to offer a few apologies to your publisher. First let me state that I did not come to MOW as a reader of your many Marvel comic magazines. While I will admit that comic illustration is an art form, it is one I do not particularly care for. Therefore, I hope you will no longer feature comics in MOW or use the magazine to promote the other Marvel publications except in your advertisements.

I can't help but feel a certain sadness about the current state of your most direct and widely known companion. That is one reason why MOW should be so happily received at this time by young and old fans alike. Your articles are truly informative, not just lipped up plot synopses peppered with trivia. Happily the press is not printed in superlarge type with multicolored subtitles throughout—a practice which wastes valuable space that could be used to provide more information.

Another fine thing you do in the interviews with interesting but relatively unknown individuals. I am thinking particularly of your talk with Jeff Bus in the last issue. In future numbers, perhaps you could ask questions of actors and actresses who are not stars of the genre but have contributed their talents to a few horror so-b-hits from time to time. Please provide biographical data with these interviews and relate what these actors are engaged in presently. Also, as in Mr. Rice's case, continue to cover those that are lesser behind the scenes.

In general, I think you have a fine magazine and hope that it will grow and be successful for years to come.

Sincerely

James Calvin Seaton
PO #1, Box 49
Gardnerville, MO 21394

Ames, Ind

We think you'll be pleased with our upcoming issues. As a matter of fact, we've been giving a lot of thought to coverage of writers (including directors and all) who are usually not associated with HWY genre but have made of local area excursions into the area of the fantasy film. After all, THE EXORCIST and 2001 A SPACE ODYSSEY were both made by what would normally be considered non-genre directors. Anyway, we'll be playing around with the idea and hope you readers like what we come up with.

End of column, folks!

Last time enough to tell you that we'll be back in sticky days with the return of "Monstrosity" and our other regular features, as well as a few surprises (you might check out our NEXT ISSUE ad on page 74—hey, look!)

In the meantime—we can't say it enough—send us your comments on this issue! We're interested (because, it gets awful lonely down in these sticky dungeons!) Send your comments to

MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES

Marvel Magazine Group
375 Madison Ave
New York, NY 10002

Dear Sirs:

I have come across quite a number of monster magazines in my life, but never one of such continual quality as yours. Every time a new issue of MOW hits the stands, I find it to be better than the one below it. Unfortunately issue #5 was the exception. Although it contained an excellent assortment of articles, it still didn't live up to the high standards of previous issues. One reason was that terrible painting of the front cover. Bob Larkin has proved his fantastic talent on the covers of your past issues, but this time he really missed the beat.

Another reason was that boring piece titled "Van pins of the Radio." This was definitely the worst thing in the issue (aside from the cover). Another dull waste of pages was "Hunting Dinosaurs." Although the article itself, the pictures accompanying it were pretty good.

Finally there was that cheap nothing titled "I'm Sorry the Bridge is out. You'll Have to Spend the Night." I've always enjoyed Don Clark's work, but why be bothered to write about something as miserable as this in beyond me.

So there you have them, my hopes and dreams about your fifth issue. But don't get me wrong—I LOVE MOW. I just don't want to see a great magazine go down because of a few minor mistakes. Try to stick to features which are of interest to all, not just a few.

Thank you for listening.

Baxter Leinen
128 Baltic Street
Brooklyn, NY 11201

And you LOVE us, you say?

Sincerely, we're very sorry you didn't enjoy these features in issue #5. However, if you'll take a look around this letter column, I think you'll see that there were others who did.

The point is, we CAN'T really agree with your last suggestion, just because "YOU don't like something doesn't mean someone else won't." We say that, in the end, this is YOUR magazine—and that means the collective "you," not just a handful of people.

I think you see our point! We hope you enjoy future issues more—and maybe you'll like to drop us a line to let us see what you DO like. We need both kinds of criticism, you know.

Dear Sirs:

Please stop printing crap on Godzilla. It's been over down to the limit. Those flicks are cheap and do nothing to promote the horror film as a serious medium.

I can tell that when a magazine starts featuring the junk there is no personal pride in the publication. Granted, there are some interesting features in the mag but surrounded by that other stuff it is hardly worth a dollar. It's obvious to me that your magazine is on the stands to make money and not to publish a quality periodical for serious students of the horror film.



I first met Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee in 1958 at New York's Mayfair Theater. Universal Pictures was having a premiere screening of **HORROR OF DRACULA** for members of the press and local media.

I was invited by Margaret Roman, a writer and long time friend of Lee's. I had become aware of Lee and Cushing about a year or so before in California, where I was under contract to Warner Brothers as a television writer. I was goofing off one day and stole into one of the many screening rooms on the lot. They were showing a print of **THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, a picture they had acquired American distribution rights to. I was very impressed with the treatment of the subject, and the performances of the entire cast. Also, the color photography made me think how good color could be. It looked very similar to the old Technicolor tri-pak that had died out in the States in the Forties.

Now we were sitting silently, waiting for the lights to dim and the film to begin. WOR radio was having a remote broadcast of the event, conducting interviews with both Cushing, Lee and other people that had been flown over for this

preview by Universal. Cushing had not been in America since before the Second World War, and quite frankly, he looked nervous. This was Lee's first visit and he stood very quietly watching the members of the press file in.

While we were waiting for the film to begin, I asked Lee what he thought the audience reaction to the picture would be. He told me that **DRACULA** had done very well in London, and was even given a West End opening (a rare occurrence for a horror film).

Finally the theater became dark and the chatter abated. As the opening credits appeared on the screen, we could hear spoiled laughter coming from parts of the crowd. Cushing began to look a bit upset. We were sitting at the very rear of the theatre and it was difficult to hear the dialogue over the audience, who by this time were really cutting up.

Something strange happened.

Christopher Lee made his entrance as Dracula, cool and calculating... a hush came over the audience. Scant seconds before, Peter Cushing was ready to leave the theater, but now he sat, quietly, like the rest of the crowd. The cat calls and laughter halted for the rest of the showing. We did not know it at the time, but

motion picture history had been made that evening.

At that moment I had no idea that two years later I'd be working with the same cast and crew who's names had appeared on the screen, or that a small independent company named Hammer in England would reign supreme in the field of fantasy for the next decade and a half. **HORROR OF DRACULA** is what made it all happen. Now, reflecting on this union years later, we will recount what made **HORROR OF DRACULA** such a success.

When the box office returns came in from **CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, James Carreras and Anthony Hinds plotted out what Hammer's next production would be. The screenplay was assigned to Jimmy Sangster who had scripted **CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, and several other small budget films for Hammer and their two other companies, Falcon Films and Clarence Film Production Ltd.

The directorial chores were handed over again to Terence Fisher. Fisher had been a film editor for many years, under contract to Will Hay, a popular English comic. In the mid-Forties Fisher went under contract with Rank Organization,

for whom he directed many features, such as **MARRY ME** and **SO LONG AT THE FAIR**. It was **CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, however, that brought him world-wide attention.

Anthony Nelson Keys was once again Associate Producer. Keys had worked with Hammer since meeting Michael Carreras in 1956. The team of Fuhr, Keys and Hands was a hard one to match, both artistically and as seasoned film-makers—a rare combination.

The collective talents of set designers, sympathetic art directors and composers lent much to the evolution of the horror cycle. Hollywood had just about abandoned the gothic horror film when Hammer's first efforts reached America. The *Thirties* and *Forties* were the two main decades for the genre in this country, but by 1950, interest had pretty well died out.

In 1958 television stations throughout the United States were getting ratings they never would have dreamed of. Screen Gems had released the Universal "classics" of two generations earlier, and were amazed by the thousands of letters that poured into the local stations. Shock Theater was the night-time hit of the 1958 season.

Like most genres, the horror film was bound to have its next cycle in Europe, and Hammer Films filled the bill. It is interesting to speculate whether or not James Carreras was aware of the success of Shock Theater, and arranged his production schedule around the fact Carreras is well known throughout the film industry as a man who is in the know when it comes to what-to-do-when.

In early 1958, production began on **HORROR OF DRACULA** at Bray Studios in Windsor, Berkshire, about thirty miles outside London. Knowing the reaction of **CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, Carreras used basically the same cast and crew. Peter Cushing was cast as Doctor Van Helsing, and Christopher Lee became Count Dracula. Lee had seen the James Whale Frankenstein films, with Boris Karloff as the pathetic creature, but, for some reason, had never seen Ted Browning's **DRACULA**, with Bela Lugosi. In one respect Lee was happy about this, as his approach to the role would be a fresh one. And it was.

The first step in film production, after the script has been approved, is perhaps one of the most important. The screenplay is handed to a production manager, such as Hammer's Don Weeks. The producer tells the production man how much they will budget the picture out at. In the case of **HORROR OF DRACULA**, it was under a hundred thousand pounds. The production manager then breaks down the script. First he lines up all the location shooting (out of the studio), and schedules it, either in days or weeks, depending on how much is called for in the script. In the case there was very little actual location, as it was pretty much a studio film, with exterior on the back lot, or nearby

Black Park. Next, the script is broken down, scene by scene. Every scene is numbered (see example). The trick is to film all the scenes that take place in one situation back-to-back, then strike the set, rebuild another, and start filming again. Of course films are shot all out of context. The last scene may well be filmed first. As a rule, in England, due to weather problems, the studios prefer to shoot all the location scenes first, while, back at the studio a set is standing in case of rain. This is called a cover set.

In the case of just about all of the Hammer films the shooting schedule is six weeks (30 days).

Once the budget has been broken down, each department knows just how much money it has to work with. The art director-production designer reads the script, then it is told how much he can spend on sets. Bernard Robinson was a genius in this phase of picture making. He created movable set units, that looked lush and atmospheric, and, that could be swapped in a matter of hours to create the illusion of a completely new set.

The production designer has a very important role behind the camera's. He first sketches what the room, or the exterior of the building will look like. After it has been approved by the front office, he has to draw detailed blueprints, showing elevations and width of each unit. In **HORROR OF DRACULA**, the use of a stationary malle was employed. When Harker stands in front of the castle in the opening sequence, all the towers, sky and mountains were painted in. This is done in the film lab. A matte artist makes a painting, that fits in position with the standing set. The lab first develops the actual action, masking off the area where the matte painting will be placed. After this is done they mask off the action, and shoot the matte art. (see sketch).

Once all the sketches and floor plans have been completed, they go into construction. Bray was a very small studio, with only four tiny stages, that is, by Hollywood standards. The screenplay called for quite a few settings. Each stage could house but one set, not like at Shepperton Studios, where three or four separate units are standing on one stage.

What Hammer lacked in space, they made up for in talent. Carreras, Hands and Keys, knew who to select for what. Bernie Robinson as art director, Don Weeks, production manager, Terence Fisher, director and Jack Asher, director of photography. In fact, Asher, was nominated for an American Academy Award for his lighting of **DRACULA**.

The music was scored by James Bernard. Years later he told me of the problems he had run into when trying to write the music. Finally he took the name *Dracula*, and broke it up, *Da-da-la-la*—giving the *Da-da-da* sound that had become so familiar over the years, even in recent Hammer *Dracula* sequels.

THE MEN BEHIND THE CAMERAS

Mini bio's on the men who made **HORROR OF DRACULA**.

SIR JAMES CARRERAS: Chairman and managing director of Hammer Films and Associated Companies. One of England's most respected film makers, and one of the industry's greatest salesmen. He has produced an average of eight features per year since Hammer was founded in 1947. Was presented the Queen's Award to the Industry for export in 1967, and Knighted in 1969.

MICHAEL CARRERAS: Producer/Director

Son of Sir James, Michael has written, produced and directed a number of motion pictures over the past twenty years. He was Executive Producer on all the early Hammer products. Other credits include: **THE SAVAGE GUNS** 1962 (MGM), **MANIAC** (Columbia) 1963, **WHAT A CRAZY WORLD** (Associated British Productions) 1964, **CURSE OF THE MUMMY'S TOMB** (Columbia) SHE (MGM) 1965-66, **ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.** 1967, **SLAVE GIRLS** (Fox) 1968, **THE LOST CONTINENT** 1969, **MOON ZERO TWO**, 1969—Produced **CRESCENDO**, 1970, **BLOOD OF THE MUMMY'S TOMB**, 1971. Became Managing Director of Hammer Films.

TERENCE FISHER: Director

Terry began his career as a film editor. His "cut-in-on-the-camera" style is very apparent in **HORROR OF DRACULA**, with smooth match cutting. His theory of keep the camera moving is another reason that his films show style and thought. He makes what might be a dull scene exciting with well blocked camera set ups.

When under contract to Rank he directed **PORTRAIT FROM LIFE**, **KILL ME, TOMORROW**, **MARRY ME**, and many more.

His other credits include: **THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, **HORROR OF DRACULA**, **HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES**, **THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, **THE BRIDES OF DRACULA**, **STRANGLERS OF DOMBAY**, **THE TWO FACES OF DOCTOR JEKYLL**, **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**, **THE CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF**, **SHERLOCK HOLMES IN THE VALLEY OF FEAR**, **THE HORROR OF IT ALL**, **THE GORGO**, **DRACULA—PRINCE OF DARKNESS**, **THE ISLAND OF TERROR**, **FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN**, **NIGHT OF THE BIG HEAT**, **THE DEVIL RIDES OUT**, **FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED**, **THE MAN WHO LAUGHS** and **FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE MONSTER FROM HELL**.

Fisher is a director who makes it a policy not to be influenced by the work of others. When Hammer screened the Claude Rains **PHANTOM OF THE OPERA** while they were in preproduction on their remake, Fisher left after the second reel. He told me that he loathed the film. "Too much opera . . . not

enough phantom." Fisher does appreciate the work of Carol Reed, whom I would guess is his favorite director.

When not working on a project, Terry spends his time with his wife, Moring, and his twenty year old cat, Plank, at their modest home, "Holly Cottage", in Twickenham Green.

When working on a film, it is not unusual for Terry to spend his weekends with producers, such as Anthony Nelson Keys, and writers at home going over story improvements, and other ideas. He is a dedicated man who loves making motion pictures. Being a modest person, Terry is hardly aware of the legions of film fans that worship his work. He was shocked some years ago when asked to speak at The National Film Theatre. It can be safely said that Terence Fisher is a pro, all the way, and one of the nicest men in the business.

JIMMY SANOSTER, Producer/Writer
Jimmy entered films in 1943 as a production manager. He was the youngest in the field.

His credits include: BREAK IN THE CIRCLE, MEN OF SHERWOOD FOREST, X THE UNKNOWN, THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE TROLLENBERG TERROR, THE SNORKEL, THE BLOOD OF THE VAMPIRE, HORROR OF DRACULA, INTENT TO KILL, THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN, JACK THE RIPPER, THE MUMMY, THE BRIDES OF ORACULA, THE MAN WHO COULD CHEAT DEATH, THE HELL FIRE CLUB, SEE NO EVIL, TASTE OF FEAR, PIRATES OF BLOOD RIVER, THE MANIACS, THE SAVAGE GUNS, NIGHTMARE, DEVIL SHIP PIRATES, HYSTERIA, THE NANNY, DEADLIER THAN THE MALE, and many more.

Not only one of the most prolific screen writers, Jimmy has also written several novels, including: PRIVATE E, FOREIGN EXCHANGE, TOUCH-FEATHER, TOO, and YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD DEATH PEDDLER.

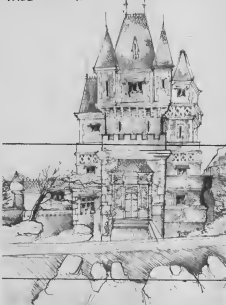
Jimmy now lives in Los Angeles where he is active in television writing. He moved from London to America in 1971.

It might also be mentioned that Jimmy has the only existing script of HORROR OF ORACULA, which he was kind enough to let us use for this project, and we would like to use this space to thank him.

ANTHONY HINOS, Producer

Tony Hinds (son of Will Hammer) was in charge of all the early Hammer projects. Hinds is a first rate producer, and ran a production smoothly, treating both cast and crew with respect. It was his touch that made films such as HORROR OF ORACULA look like they cost a lot more than they did. He put the money on the screen, unlike some producers, who put it in their pockets. Hammer in the Fifties and Sixties were

MATT SHOT "THE GORGON" WIDE SCREEN.



like a family, with both cast and crew all knowing each other, and sharing a post after a days shooting. Tony Hinds retired from the industry in 1969, though he is still active in writing storylines for Hammer productions. Tony was responsible for the outlines on most all the companies product. He is now spending most of his time sailing, a sport he has long enjoyed.

ANTHONY NELSON KEYS, Associate Producer/Producer

Tony Keys entered the film industry as a clapper boy, and worked his way up to producer. As mentioned, he started his career with Hammer after meeting Michael Carreras in 1956. Prior to his stay with Hammer he was associate producer for Daniel Angles, who produced a string of war films, such as REACH FOR THE SKY.

Tony's whole family was involved in show business. His father was a famous variety star. His older brother was director John Paddy Carstairs, who was well known in the U.K. as a painter, writer and lecturer. Rod Keys is a film editor, and Basil Keys is a producer. Basil produced one film for Hammer—PHANTOM OF THE OPERA.

Tony worked very hard with the actors and directors, as he spent all his time on the floor during production. He was the watch dog on HORROR OF ORACULA, making sure the picture stayed within budget. If anything went wrong, it was Tony Keys who was called into the front office.

Tony went freelance in 1968 and did LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS. He and Christopher Lee produced a film together after becoming partners in 1971.

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I suppose you'd like to know
WHY I'm fair enough. See, he
wrote this article about me
for MONSTERS OF THE
MOVIES #8 and he said a lot
of nice things about me!

Well, GOSH DARN IT, I AM NOT NICE! I'm MEAN and
really ROTTEN! And I'm SCARY too! Got that! Hmmpf!
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appreciated!

MONSTERS

OF THE MOVIES

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We've tried to talk the editors out of using these tasteless ads. Their answer is inevitably "we've got to sell 100 subs to get the money for Gene Krull's ball" or some similar lame excuse.

Well, we're through being Mr. Nice Monsters. They want subscriptions, they'll get them. Our way.

Every time you order 100 subscriptions to Marvel's magazine masterpieces, I'll eat one of the editors! How's that for a deal?

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